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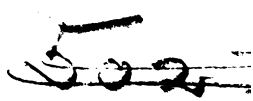

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

Drawn by Geo. Stokes, R.A. *Engraved by Fred. Engleheart*

Gentle eyes
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there.
Lalla Rookh. Veiled Prophet.

THE

OF

THOMAS MOORE

Drawn by Geo. Jones R.A.

Engraved by Frederick Heath

"Upon a pallets desk she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilions state,
No planes to fan her downy eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid,
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her lowly bed"

Lalla Rookh. Fireworshippers.

London, Longman & Co

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LALLA ROOKH.

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1853.

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New-street-Square.

PREFACE

TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.

THE Poem, or Romance, of LALLA ROOKH, having now reached, I understand, its twentieth edition, a short account of the origin and progress of a work which has been hitherto so very fortunate in its course, may not be deemed, perhaps, superfluous or misplaced.

It was about the year 1812 that, far more through the encouraging suggestions of friends than from any confident promptings of my own ambition, I conceived the design of writing a Poem upon some Oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions which Scott's successful publications in that form had then rendered the

regular poetical standard. A negotiation on the subject was opened with the Messrs. Longman, in the same year; but, from some causes which I cannot now recollect, led to no decisive result; nor was it till a year or two after, that any further steps were taken in the matter, — their house being the only one, it is right to add, with which, from first to last, I held any communication upon the subject.

On this last occasion, Mr. Perry kindly offered himself as my representative in the treaty; and, what with the friendly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit with which he was met on the other, there has seldom, I think, occurred any transaction in which Trade and Poesy have shone out so advantageously in each other's eyes. The short discussion that then took place, between the two parties, may be comprised in a very few sentences. "I am of opinion," said Mr. Perry, — enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite, —

"that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his Poem the largest price that has been given, in our day, for such a work." "That was," answered the Messrs. Longman, "three thousand guineas." "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry, "and no less a sum ought he to receive."

It was then objected, and very reasonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a single line of the Poem; and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them, before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But, no; — the romantic view which my friend, Perry, took of the matter, was, that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, not a little startled and alarmed me; but, to the honour and glory of Romance, — as well on the publishers' side as the poet's, — this very generous view of the transaction was, without any difficulty, acceded to, and the firm agreed,

before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my Poem.

At the time of this agreement, but little of the work, as it stands at present, had yet been written. But the ready confidence in my success shown by others, made up for the deficiency of that requisite feeling, within myself; while a strong desire not wholly to disappoint this "auguring hope," became almost a substitute for inspiration. In the year 1815, therefore, having made some progress in my task, I wrote to report the state of the work to the Messrs. Longman, adding, that I was now most willing and ready, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for their consideration. Their answer to this offer was as follows: — "We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the Poem; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honourable." *

* April 10. 1815.

I continued to pursue my task for another year, being likewise occasionally occupied with the Irish Melodies, two or three numbers of which made their appearance, during the period employed in writing Lalla Rookh. At length, in the year 1816, I found my work sufficiently advanced to be placed in the hands of the publishers. But the state of distress to which England was reduced, in that dismal year, by the exhausting effects of the series of wars she had just then concluded, and the general embarrassment of all classes both agricultural and commercial, rendered it a juncture the least favourable that could well be conceived for the first launch into print of so light and costly a venture as Lalla Rookh. Feeling conscious, therefore, that, under such circumstances, I should act but honestly in putting it in the power of the Messrs. Longman to reconsider the terms of their engagement with me,—leaving them free to postpone, modify, or even, should such be their wish, relinquish it altogether, I

wrote them a letter to that effect, and received the following answer: — "We shall be most happy in the pleasure of seeing you in February. We agree with you, indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for 'poetry and thousands;' but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment." *

The length of time I employed in writing the few stories strung together in Lalla Rookh will appear, to some persons, much more than was necessary for the production of such easy and "light o' love" fictions. But, besides that I have been, at all times, a far more slow and painstaking workman than would ever be guessed, I fear, from the result, I felt that, in this instance, I had taken upon myself a more than ordinary responsibility, from the immense stake risked by others on my chance of success. For a long time, therefore, after the agreement had been

* November 9. 1816.

concluded, though generally at work with a view to this task, I made but very little real progress in it; and I have still by me the beginnings of several stories, continued, some of them, to the length of three or four hundred lines, which, after in vain endeavouring to mould them into shape, I threw aside, like the tale of Cambuscan, "left half-told." One of these stories, entitled The Peri's Daughter, was meant to relate the loves of a nymph of this aërial extraction with a youth of mortal race, the rightful Prince of Ormuz, who had been, from his infancy, brought up, in seclusion, on the banks of the river Amou, by an aged guardian named Mohassan. The story opens with the first meeting of these destined lovers, then in their childhood; the Peri having wafted her daughter to this holy retreat, in a bright, enchanted boat, whose first appearance is thus described: —

* * * * *

For, down the silvery tide afar,
There came a boat, as swift and bright

As shines, in heav'n, some pilgrim-star,
That leaves its own high home, at night,
To shoot to distant shrines of light.

" It comes, it comes," young Orian cries,
And panting to Mohassan flies.
Then, down upon the flowery grass
Reclines to see the vision pass;
With partly joy and partly fear,
To find its wondrous light so near,
And hiding oft his dazzled eyes
Among the flowers on which he lies.
* * * * *
Within the boat a baby slept,
Like a young pearl within its shell;
While one, who seem'd of riper years,
But not of earth, or earth-like spheres,
Her watch beside the slumberer kept;
Gracefully waving, in her hand,
The feathers of some holy bird,
With which, from time to time, she stirr'd
The fragrant air, and coolly fann'd
The baby's brow, or brush'd away
The butterflies that, bright and blue
As on the mountains of Malay,
Around the sleeping infant flew.

And now the fairy boat hath stopp'd
Beside the bank,—the nymph has dropp'd
Her golden anchor in the stream;
* * * * *

A song is sung by the Peri in approaching, of which the following forms a part: —

My child she is but half divine,
Her father sleeps in the Caspian water;
Sea-weeds twine
His funeral shrine,
But he lives again in the Peri's daughter.
Fain would I fly from mortal sight
To my own sweet bowers of Peristan;
But, there, the flowers are all too bright
For the eyes of a baby born of man.
On flowers of earth her feet must tread;
So hither my light-wing'd bark hath brought her;
Stranger, spread
Thy leafiest bed,
To rest the wandering Peri's daughter.

In another of these inchoate fragments, a proud female saint, named Banou, plays a principal part; and her progress through the streets of Cufa, on the night of a great illuminated festival, I find thus described: —

It was a scene of mirth that drew
A smile from ev'n the Saint Banou,
As, through the hush'd, admiring throng,
She went with stately steps along,
And counted o'er, that all might see,
The rubies of her rosary.
But none might see the worldly smile
That lurk'd beneath her veil, the while: —
Alla forbid! for, who would wait
Her blessing at the temple's gate, —

What holy man would ever run
To kiss the ground she knelt upon,
If once, by luckless chance, he knew
She look'd and smil'd as others do.
Her hands were join'd, and from each wrist
By threads of pearl and golden twist
Hung relics of the saints of yore,
And scraps of talismanic lore,—
Charms for the old, the sick, the frail,
Some made for use, and all for sale.
On either side, the crowd withdrew,
To let the Saint pass proudly through;
While turban'd heads, of every hue,
Green, white, and crimson, bow'd around,
And gay tiaras touch'd the ground,—
As tulip-bells, when o'er their beds
The musk-wind passes, bend their heads.
Nay, some there were, among the crowd
Of Moslem heads that round her bow'd,
So fill'd with zeal, by many a draught
Of Shiraz wine profanely quaff'd,
That, sinking low in reverence then,
They never rose till morn again.

There are yet two more of these unfinished sketches, one of which extends to a much greater length than I was aware of; and, as far as I can judge from a hasty renewal of my acquaintance with it, is not incapable of being yet turned to account.

In only one of these unfinished sketches, the tale of The Peri's Daughter, had I yet ventured to invoke that most home-felt of all my inspirations, which has lent to the story of The Fire-worshippers its main attraction and interest. That it was my intention, in the concealed Prince of Ormuz, to shadow out some impersonation of this feeling, I take for granted from the prophetic words supposed to be addressed to him by his aged guardian: —

> Bright child of destiny! even now
> I read the promise on that brow,
> That tyrants shall no more defile
> The glories of the Green-Sea Isle,
> But Ormuz shall again be free,
> And hail her native Lord in thee!

In none of the other fragments do I find any trace of this sort of feeling, either in the subject or the personages of the intended story; and this was the reason, doubtless, though hardly known, at the time, to myself, that, finding my subjects so slow in kindling my own sympathies,

I began to despair of their ever touching the hearts of others; and felt often inclined to say,

> "Oh no, I have no voice or hand
> For such a song, in such a land."

Had this series of disheartening experiments been carried on much further, I must have thrown aside the work in despair. But, at last, fortunately, as it proved, the thought occurred to me of founding a story on the fierce struggle so long maintained between the Ghebers*, or ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia, and their haughty Moslem masters. From that moment, a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme; and the spirit that had spoken in the melodies of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East.

* Voltaire, in his tragedy of "Les Guèbres," written with a similar under-current of meaning, was accused of having transformed his Fire-worshippers into Jansenists: — "Quelques figuristes," he says, "prétendent que les Guèbres sont les Jansenistes."

Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in *writing* this work, I must also, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously *reading* for it. To form a store-house, as it were, of illustration purely Oriental, and so familiarise myself with its various treasures, that, as quick as Fancy required the aid of fact, in her spiritings, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her "strong bidding," to furnish materials for the spell-work,—such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me more than sufficiently for my pains. I have not forgotten how great was my pleasure, when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh, that he was once asked by Colonel W——s, the historian of British India, "whether it was true that Moore had

never been in the East?" "Never," answered Mackintosh. "Well, that shows me," replied Colonel W——s, "that reading over D'Herbelot is as good as riding on the back of a camel."

I need hardly subjoin to this lively speech, that although D'Herbelot's valuable work was, of course, one of my manuals, I took the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to me; and became, for the time, indeed, far more conversant with all relating to that distant region, than I have ever been with the scenery, productions, or modes of life of any of those countries lying most within my reach. We know that D'Anville, though never in his life out of Paris, was able to correct a number of errors in a plan of the Troad taken by De Choiseul, on the spot; and, for my own very different, as well as far inferior, purposes, the knowledge I had thus acquired of distant localities, seen only by me in my day-dreams, was no less ready and useful.

An ample reward for all this painstaking has

been found in such welcome tributes as I have just now cited; nor can I deny myself the gratification of citing a few more of the same description. From another distinguished authority on Eastern subjects, the late Sir John Malcolm, I had myself the pleasure of hearing a similar opinion publicly expressed; — that eminent person, in a speech spoken by him at a Literary Fund Dinner, having remarked, that together with those qualities of the poet which he much too partially assigned to me was combined also "the truth of the historian."

Sir William Ouseley, another high authority, in giving his testimony to the same effect, thus notices an exception to the general accuracy for which he gives me credit: — "Dazzled by the beauties of this composition*, few readers can perceive, and none surely can regret, that the poet, in his magnificent catastrophe, has forgotten, or boldly and most happily violated,

* The Fire-worshippers.

the precept of Zoroaster, above noticed, which held it impious to consume any portion of a human body by fire, especially by that which glowed upon their altars." Having long lost, I fear, most of my Eastern learning, I can only cite, in defence of my catastrophe, an old Oriental tradition, which relates, that Nimrod, when Abraham refused, at his command, to worship the fire, ordered him to be thrown into the midst of the flames.* A precedent so ancient for this sort of use of the worshipped element, would appear, for all purposes at least of poetry, fully sufficient.

In addition to these agreeable testimonies, I have also heard, and, need hardly add, with some pride and pleasure, that parts of this work have been rendered into Persian, and have found their way to Ispahan. To this fact, as I am willing to think it, allusion is made in some

* Tradunt autem Hebræi hanc fabulam quod Abraham in ignem missus sit quia ignem adorare noluit. — Sr. Hieron. *in quæst. in Genesim.*

ly verses, written many years since, by my nd, Mr. Luttrell:—

> "I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
> (Can it be true, you lucky man?)
> By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
> Along the streets of Ispahan."

That some knowledge of the work may e really reached that region, appears not robable from a passage in the Travels of . Frazer, who says, that "being delayed for ıe time at a town on the shores of the Cas-n, he was lucky enough to be able to amuse ıself with a copy of Lalla Rookh, which a sian had lent him."

Of the description of Balbec, in "Paradise l the Peri," Mr. Carne, in his Letters from East, thus speaks: "The description in Lalla okh of the plain and its ruins is exquisitely hful. The minaret is on the declivity near ıand, and there wanted only the muezzin's to break the silence."

shall now tax my reader's patience with

but one more of these generous vo
Whatever of vanity there may be in citin
tributes, they show, at least, of what grea
even in poetry, is that prosaic quality, in
since, as the reader of the foregoing p
now fully apprized, it was in a slo
laborious collection of small facts, that t
foundations of this fanciful Romance we

The friendly testimony I have just r
to, appeared, some years since, in the f
which I now give it, and, if I recollect ri
the Athenæum: —

"I embrace this opportunity of bear
individual testimony (if it be of any val
the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Mo
his topographical, antiquarian, and cha
istic details, whether of costume, mann
less-changing monuments, both in his
Rookh and in the Epicurean. It has be
fortune to read his Atlantic, Bermudea
American Odes and Epistles, in the co

and among the people to which and to whom they related; I enjoyed also the exquisite delight of reading his Lalla Rookh, in Persia itself: and I have perused the Epicurean, while all my recollections of Egypt and its still existing wonders are as fresh as when I quitted the banks of the Nile for Arabia:—I owe it, therefore, as a debt of gratitude (though the payment is most inadequate), for the great pleasure I have derived from his productions, to bear my humble testimony to their local fidelity.

"J. S. B."

Among the incidents connected with this work, I must not omit to notice the splendid Divertissement, founded upon it, which was acted at the Château Royal of Berlin, during the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to that capital, in the year 1822. The different stories composing the work were represented in Tableaux Vivans and songs; and among the

crowd of royal and noble personages engage
the performances, I shall mention those
who represented the principal characters,
whom I find thus enumerated in the publi
account of the Divertissement.*

" Fadladin, Grand-Nasir, .	*Comte Haack, (Maré Cour).*
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie .	*S. A. I. Le Grand Du*
Lallah Roûkh . .	*S. A. I. La Grande Du*
Aurungzeb, le Grand Mogol	*S. A. R. Le Prince laume, frère du R*
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris .	*S. A. R. Le Duc de berland.*
La Reine, son épouse .	*S.A.R. La Princesse. Radzivill."*

Besides these and other leading person
there were also brought into action, unde
various denominations of Seigneurs et D
de Bucharie, Dames de Cachemire, Seigr
et Dames dansans à la Fête des Roses,
nearly 150 persons.

Of the manner and style in which the

* Lalla Roûkh, Divertissement mêlé de Chants
Danses, Berlin, 1822. The work contains a series of col
engravings, representing groups, processions, &c., in dif
Oriental costumes.

bleaux of the different stories are described in the work from which I cite, the following account of the performance of Paradise and the Peri will afford some specimen:—

"La décoration représentoit les portes brillantes du Paradis, entourées de nuages. Dans le premier tableau on voyoit la Péri, triste et desolée, couchée sur le seuil des portes fermées, et l'Ange de lumière qui lui addresse des consolations et des conseils. Le second représente le moment, où la Peri, dans l'espoir que ce don lui ouvrira l'entrée du Paradis recueille la dernière goutte de sang que vient de verser le jeune guerrier Indien. . . . . .

"La Péri et l'Ange de lumière répondoient pleinement à l'image et à l'idée qu'on est tenté de se faire de ces deux individus, et l'impression qu'a faite generalement la suite des tableaux de cet épisode délicat et intéressant est loin de s'effacer de notre souvenir."

In this grand Fête, it appears, originated the translation of Lalla Rookh into German

verse, by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué; and the circumstances which led him to undertake the task, are described by himself, in a Dedicatory Poem to the Empress of Russia, which he has prefixed to his translation. As soon as the performance, he tells us, had ended, Lalla Rookh (the Empress herself) exclaimed, with a sigh, "Is it, then, all over? are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight? and lives there no poet who will impart to others, and to future times, some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?" On hearing this appeal, a Knight of Cashmere (who is no other than the poetical Baron himself) comes forward and promises to attempt to present to the world "the Poem itself in the measure of the original:"—whereupon Lalla Rookh, it is added, approvingly smiled.

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LALLA ROOKH.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

THIS EASTERN ROMANCE

IS INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS VERY GRATEFUL

AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

May 19. 1817.

LALLA ROOKH.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visiter and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia.* During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi,

* These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in *Dow's History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 392.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul Lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour*, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;— the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan†, in the brightness of their silver

* "One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettledrum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end."— *Fryer*'s Travels.

"Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles."— *Elphinstone*'s Account of Caubul.

† "Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turquestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an

battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples* on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay as it were enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter†, at the front of which a fair young

equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled." — *Richardson*'s Dissertation prefixed to his Dictionary.

* "The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin." — *Scott*'s Notes on the Bahardanush.

† In the Poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of "a company of maidens seated on camels."

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

"Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue-gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing*; — and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses; — all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of every thing, — from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various

* See *Bernier*'s description of the attendants on Rauchanara-Begum, in her progress to Cashmere.

tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—"Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars."—And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector*, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.†

* This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues.—"He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations."—*History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 335. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 320.

† "The idol at Jaghernat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the Idol."—*Tavernier*.

During the first days of their journey, L
Rookh, who had passed all her life with
shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi*,
enough in the beauty of the scenery th
which they passed to interest her mind
delight her imagination; and when at ev
or in the heat of the day, they turned off
the high road to those retired and ror
places which had been selected for her en
ments, — sometimes on the banks of a
rivulet, as clear as the waters of the La
Pearl†; sometimes under the sacred shad
Banyan tree, from which the view opened
a glade covered with antelopes; and of

* See a description of these royal Gardens in "An
of the present State of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Frank
Asiat. Research. vol. iv. p. 417.

† "In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the
Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid wa
Pennant's Hindostan.

"Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the
Tonoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear an
titul water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee
'the Lake of Pearls,' which it still retains." — *Wilks*'
of India.

idden, embowered spots, described by
n the Isles of the West*, as "places of
ioly, delight, and safety, where all the
y around was wild peacocks and turtle-
'—she felt a charm in these scenes, so
nd so new to her, which, for a time,
er indifferent to every other amusement.
LLA ROOKH was young, and the young
iety; nor could the conversation of her
nd the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN,
ly persons, of course, admitted to her
,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant
which were devoted neither to the pillow
palankeen. There was a little Persian
ho sung sweetly to the Vina, and who,
l then, lulled the Princess to sleep with
ient ditties of her country, about the
Wamak and Ezra†, the fair-haired Zal

*Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehan-

†e romance Wemakweazra, written in Persian verse,
tains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated
s lived before the time of Mahomet." — *Note on the Tales.*

and his mistress Rodahver*; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.† At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets‡ was an abomination.

* Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Namêh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side. — See *Champion*'s translation.

† Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deeve, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. — Near the city of Shirauz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his Gazophilacium Persicum, p. 127., declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia. — See *Ouseley*'s Persian Miscellanies.

‡ "The women of the Idol, or dancing girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells, fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the ex-

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, FADLADEEN elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his

quisite melody of their voices." — *Maurice*'s Indian Antiquities.

"The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them." — See *Calmet*'s Dictionary, art. Bells.

faculties with a dose of that delicious opium* which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna†,—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the reli-

* "Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaïde, où il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium."—*D'Herbelot.*

† The Indian Apollo.—"He and the three Rámas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the princesses of Hindustán were all passionately in love with Chrishna, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women."—*Sir W. Jones*, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.

gion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply.* Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to FADLADEEN upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of

* See *Turner*'s Embassy for a description of this animal, "the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats." The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

* For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see *D'Herbelot.*

THE

,ED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN. *

delightful Province of the Sun,
ɜt of Persian lands he shines upon,
all the loveliest children of his beam,
ːts and fruits, blush over every stream †,
ɹirest of all streams, the MURGA roves
MEROU's ‡ bright palaces and groves; —
ɔn that throne, to which the blind belief
ions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
ʻeat MOKANNA. O'er his features hung
ːil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung

ɔrassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province
n of the Sun. — *Sir W. Jones.*
he fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other
nd one cannot see in any other city such palaces with
and streams, and gardens." — *Ebn Haukal's* Geo-

: of the royal cities of Khorassan.

In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its li
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's* cheek†, when down the M
trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and han
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands;
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their
On points of faith, more eloquent than word
And such their zeal, there's not a youth wit
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command
Would make his own devoted heart its shea
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a de
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night‡,
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white

* Moses.

† "Ses disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le vis
ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoient par l'éclat de s
comme Moyse." — *D'Herbelot.*

‡ Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of t
of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standard
faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des dis
Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des cöeffures et

Their weapons various — some equipp'd, for speed,
With javelins of the light Kathaian reed* ;
Or bows of buffalo horn and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems† that bloom on IRAN's rivers‡ ;
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe ;
And as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem
Like a chenar-tree grove§ when winter throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,

darts des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une qui lui fût plus opposée." — *D'Herbelot.*

* " Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Khathaian reeds, slender and delicate."— *Poem of Amru.*

† Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

‡ The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it. — " Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias." — *Sir W. Jones,* Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants.

§ The oriental plane. " The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green." — *Morier*'s Travels.

Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
To hint that aught but Heav'n hath plac'd you there?
Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
No — wrongful thought! — commission'd from above
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise,)
There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,
And crown the' Elect with bliss that never fades —
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;
And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at BRAHMA's burning fount*,
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN's mounts;
From PERSIA's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY †;

* The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong, esteemed as holy. — *Turner.*

† China.

And GEORGIA's bloom, and AZAB's darker smiles,
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
All, all are there;—each Land its flower hath given,
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?
What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds *, of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath the' invisible West-wind's sighs!
What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,
What dazzling mimickry of God's own power
Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud;
Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape †,

* "The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban." —*Beckmann*'s History of Inventions.

† "The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet,

So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like war's wild planet in a summer sky;
That youth to-day, — a proselyte, worth hordes
Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords, —
Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows
Young AZIM's fame; — beyond the' Olympian snow
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek*,
He linger'd there, till peace dissolved his chains;
Oh, who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains
Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?

shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large
border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a gir
of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body."—
count of Independent Tartary, in Pinkerton's Collection.

* In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empr
Irene, for an account of which vide *Gibbon*, vol. x.

Not he, that youthful warrior, — no, too well
For his soul's quiet work'd the' awakening spell;
And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,
Haunt the young heart, —proud views of human-kind,
Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd, —
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet! —
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd
On the white flag MOKANNA's host unfurl'd,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
The' inspiring summons; every chosen blade
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text
Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next;
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
In virtue's cause; — never was soul inspir'd
With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,
Than his, the' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free

This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
With shouts of "ALLA!" echoing long and loud;
While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN.*
Then thus he spoke: — "Stranger, though new the frame
"Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame

* This wonderful Throne was called The Star of the Genii. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem," *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 235. — When Soliman travelled, the eastern writers say, "He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun." — *Sale*'s Koran, vol. ii. p. 214. note.

For many an age*, in every chance and change
Of that existence, through whose varied range, —
As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand
The flying youths transmit their shining brand,
From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul
Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

"Nor think 'tis only the gross Spirits, warm'd
"With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,
"That run this course; — Beings, the most divine,
"Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
"Such was the Essence that in ADAM dwelt,
"To which all Heav'n, except the Proud One, knelt:†
"Such the refin'd Intelligence that glow'd
"In MOUSSA's‡ frame, — and, thence descending, flow'd

* The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines. — Vide *D'Herbelot.*

† "And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, hey all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused." — *The Koran*, chap. ii.

‡ Moses.

" Through many a Prophet's breast* ; — in Issa† shone,
" And in Mohammed burn'd ; till, hastening on,
" (As a bright river that, from fall to fall
" In many a maze descending, bright through all,
" Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
" In one full lake of light it rests at last)
" That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
" From lapse or shadow, centers all in me ! "

Again, throughout the' assembly at these words,
Thousands of voices rung : the warriors' swords
Were pointed up to heaven ; a sudden wind
In the' open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen

* This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna : — " Sa doctrine étoit, que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine, depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu'après la mort d'Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophètes, et autres grands hommes qu'il avoit choisis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professoit l'erreur de la Tenassukhiah ou Metempschychose ; et qu'aprés la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne."

† Jesus.

Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth — like those the Houris wave
When beck'ning to their bowers the' immortal Brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime,
"That claim a holier mood and calmer time
"Than earth allows us now;—this sword must first
"The darkling prison-house of Mankind burst,
"Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
"Her wakening daylight on a world of sin.
"But then,—celestial warriors, then, when all
"Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;
"When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down
"His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,
"The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,
"And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
"Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
"That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—
"Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,
"And starting fresh as from a second birth,
"Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
"Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!

" Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
" Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendours no
" And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide e
panse,
" Bask in the glories of this countenance !

" For thee, young warrior, welcome !—thou hast
" Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
" Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave;
" But, once my own, mine all till in the grave !"

The pomp is at an end — the crowds are gone
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like ALLA's ow
The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caug
glances ;
The Old deep pondering on the promis'd reign
Of peace and truth ; and all the female train
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze !

But there was one, among the chosen maids,
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,

to whose soul the pageant of to-day
been like death : — you saw her pale dismay,
ondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
:clamation from her lips, when first
aw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
tly kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

. ZELICA ! there *was* a time, when bliss
e o'er thy heart from every look of his ;
ı but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
ıich he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer ;
ı round him hung such a perpetual spell,
e'er he did, none ever did so well.
ıappy days ! when, if he touch'd a flower
:m of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour ;
ı thou didst study him till every tone
gesture and dear look became thy own, —
/oice like his, the changes of his face
ne reflected with still lovelier grace,
echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
twice the' aërial sweetness it had brought !
ow he comes, — brighter than even he
)eam'd before, — but, ah ! not bright for thee ;

No — dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From the' other world, he comes as if to h
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost deligh
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Yc
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the tru
And innocence once ours, and leads us bac
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining trac
Of our young life, and points out every ra
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the wa

Once happy pair!—In proud BOKHARA
Who had not heard of their first youthful
Born by that ancient flood *, which from
In the dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shin
With relics from BUCHARIA'S ruby mines,
And, lending to the CASPIAN half its strer
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length

* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, two branches; one of which falls into the Caspia the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin-glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd!
But war disturb'd this vision, — far away
From her fond eyes summon'd to join the' array
Of PERSIA'S warriors on the hills of THRACE,
The youth exchang'd his sylvan dwelling-place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;
His ZELICA'S sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM'S plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away — but, ah, how cold and dim
Ev'n summer suns, when not beheld with him!
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,
Like spirit-tongues, mutt'ring the sick man's name,
Just ere he dies: — at length those sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul, "AZIM is dead!"

Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die;—
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spok
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
Ev'n reason sunk,— blighted beneath its touch
And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the de
chain
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray;
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one!
Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil
But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;
And when she sung to her lute's touching stra
'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,

The bulbul* utters, ere her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found
Young ZELICA, — that mission, which around
The Eastern world, in every region blest
With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes
Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies: —
And such quick welcome as a spark receives
Dropp'd on a bed of Autumn's wither'd leaves,
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught; —
Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought!
Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
Of some brave youth — ha! durst they say "of *some?*"
No — of the one, one only object trac'd
In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd;
The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twin'd
With every broken link of her lost mind;

* The nightingale.

Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wr
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor ZELICA! it needed all
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
A sainted colony for Eden's shades;
Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining cam
From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd h
No—had not reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,
Which would have sav'd thee from the tem
art,
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
That purity, whose fading is love's death!—
But lost, inflam'd,—a restless zeal took place
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
In zeal and charms,—too well the' Impostor
Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,

He saw more potent sorceries to bind
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd.
No art was spar'd, no witchery;—all the skill
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer burns;
That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness!

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poesy and music breath'd around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
Through fields of fragrance by her AZIM's side,
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—
'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,

To the dim charnel-house;—through all its stear
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine—
And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly craz'd by dread,
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round the
cast,
To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—
There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd
And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,
Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, "Neve
never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
To him and—she believ'd, lost maid!—to heave

Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd.
How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes
With light, alas, that was not of the skies,
When round, in trances, only less than hers,
She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers.
Well might MOKANNA think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his own:—
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings away:
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd,
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across the' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.
And then her look—oh! where's the heart so wise
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now crost
By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart had lost;
In every glance there broke, without controul,
The flashes of a bright, but troubled soul,

Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young ZELICA—so chang'
From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd
The almond groves that shade BOKHARA's tide,
All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side!
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
The vision of that Youth whom she had lov'd,
Had wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd;
When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's tra
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brai
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;
And how, like forts, to which beleaguerers win
Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within
One clear idea, wakened in the breast
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.

Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
But though light came, it came but partially;
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;
But, oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone;
And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of tears,
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
Trembled with horror, when the summons came

(A summons proud and rare, which all but sh
And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy,)
To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
By the stream's side, where still at close of da
The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray;
Sometimes alone—but, oftener far, with one,
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
As the young Priestess; and though, sinc
night
When the death-caverns echoed every tone
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
The' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's dis
And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous thing
As ev'n across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her revea

· alone;—and then the hope, most dear,
vild of all, that her trangression here
ut a passage through earth's grosser fire,
which the spirit would at last aspire,
urer than before,—as perfumes rise
gh flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—
ıat when AZIM's fond, divine embrace
l circle her in heav'n, no darkening trace
l on that bosom he once lov'd remain,
l be bright, be pure, be *his* again!—
were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit
hain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
ıade her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet.
›w that Shape, which had appall'd her view,
Semblance—oh how terrible, if true!
ı came across her frenzy's full career
shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
ıen, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
e of ice encounters some swift bark,
ıtartling all its wretches from their sleep,
e cold impulse hurls them to the deep;—
ne that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
raking up each long-lull'd image there,
ıeck'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
MOKANNA waited her—too wrapt in dreams
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light boun
Came like a spirit's o'er the' unechoing ground,—
From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd MOKANNA lay,
While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
In holy KOOM*, or MECCA's dim arcades,—
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.

* The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants Ali, the Saints of Persia. — *Chardin.*

Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,
Stood Vases, fill'd with KISHMEE's* golden wine,
And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine;
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
Like ZEMZEM's Spring of Holiness †, had power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
And still he drank and ponder'd — nor could see
The' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
From EBLIS at the Fall of Man, he spoke: —
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
"Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;
"God's images, forsooth! — such gods as he
"Whom INDIA serves, the monkey deity ‡; —

* An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

† The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

‡ The god Hannaman. — "Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race." — *Pennant's* Hindoostan.

See a curious account, in *Stephen's Persia*, of a solemn em-

" Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of
" To whom if LUCIFER, as grandams say,
" Refus'd, though at the forfeit of heaven's
" To bend in worship, LUCIFER was right!*
" Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
" Of your foul race, and without fear or che
" Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
" My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's n
" Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fie
" As hooded falcons, through the universe

bassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when th guese were there, offering vast treasures for the reco monkey's tooth, which they held in great venerat which had been taken away upon the conquest of t dom of Jafanapatan.

* This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge creature, man, was, according to Mahometan traditi adopted: — "The earth (which God had selected for terials of his work) was carried into Arabia to a tween Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneade angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himsel human form, and left to dry for the space of forty da others say, as many years; the angels, in the me often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels n God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his fo rung; and knowing God designed that creature t superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowle as such."—*Sale* on the Koran.

'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
Veak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

" Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
3y the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
From dead men's marrow guides them best at night* —
Ye shall have honours — wealth, — yes, Sages, yes —
I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;
Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
But a gilt stick, a bawble blinds it here.
How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
In lying speech, and still more lying song,
By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;
Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

" Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds;

* A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the and of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a ad malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than eastern superstition.

" Who, bolder ev'n than NEMROD, think t
" By nonsense heap'd on nonsense, to the
" Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones
" Seen, heard, attested, every thing — but
" Your preaching zealots, too inspir'd to se
" One grace of meaning for the things the
" Your martyrs, ready to shed out their bl
" For truths too heavenly to be understoo
" And your State Priests, sole vendors of
" That works salvation; — as, on AVA's s
" Where none *but* priests are privileg'd to
" In that best marble of which Gods are r
" They shall have mysteries — aye, precio
" For knaves to thrive by — mysteries enc
" Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud c
" Which simple votaries shall on trust rec
" While craftier feign belief, till they belie
" A Heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of
" A splendid Paradise, — pure souls, ye m

* The material of which images of Gaudma (t Deity) are made, is held sacred. " Birmans ma chase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and couraged, to buy figures of the Deity ready made. Ava, vol. ii. p. 376.

at Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
io finds not heav'ns to suit the tastes of all;
uris for boys, omniscience for sages,
d wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
in things! — as lust or vanity inspires,
e heav'n of each is but what each desires,
d, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
n would be man to all eternity!
let him — EBLIS! grant this crowning curse,
t keep him what he is, no Hell were worse."

Oh my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering maid,
se ears had drunk like poison all he said: —
ANNA started — not abash'd, afraid, —
new no more of fear than one who dwells
ath the tropics knows of icicles!
in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,
i my lost soul!" there was a sound so drear,
ke that voice, among the sinful dead,
hich the legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,
, new as 'twas from her, whom nought could dim
ink till now, it startled even him.

" Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with r
The' impostor turn'd to greet her—"th
smile
" Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
" Beyond the' Enthusiast's hope or Prophe
" Light of the Faith! who twin'st religio
" So close with love's, men know not w
feel,
" Nor which to sigh for, in their trance o
" The heav'n thou preachest or the heav'n
" What should I be without thee? witho
" How dull were power, how joyless victo
" Though borne by angels, if that smile c
" Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half
" But—why so mournful, child? those
shone
" All life last night—what!—is their gl
" Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath r
pale,
" They want rekindling—suns themselves
" Did not their comets bring, as I to thee
" From light's own fount supplies of brill
" Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth
" But the pure waters of that upper sphe

"Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
"Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go.
"Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns —
"Nay, drink — in every drop life's essence burns;
"'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light —
"Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:
"There is a youth — why start? — thou saw'st him then;
"Look'd he not nobly? such the godlike men
"Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above;—
"Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
"Too rul'd by that cold enemy of bliss
"The world calls virtue — we must conquer this;
"Nay, shrink not, pretty sage! 'tis not for thee
"To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery:
"The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
"Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
"This very night I mean to try the art
"Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
"All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
"Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
"Shall tempt the boy; — young MIRZALA's blue eyes,
"Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;

" AROUYA's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
" And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,
" Have magic in their pressure; ZEBA's lute,
" And LILLA's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
" Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep —
" All shall combine their witching powers to steep
" My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
" From which to heav'n is but the next advance; —
" That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
" On which Religion stamps her image best.
" But hear me, Priestess! — though each nymph of these
" Hath some peculiar, practis'd power to please,
" Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,
" First charms herself, then all the world beside;
" There still wants *one*, to make the victory sure,
" One who in every look joins every lure;
" Through whom all beauty's beams concenter'd pass,
" Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning glass;
" Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
" Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning, are ador'd,

: inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
ch our faith takes for granted are divine!
ı is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
:rown the rich temptations of to-night;
ı the refin'd enchantress that must be
hero's vanquisher, — and thou art she!"

h her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
aid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
which these words, like south winds through
a fence
rzrah flow'rs, came fill'd with pestilence *;
dly utter'd too! as if all dread
wns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
he wretch felt assur'd that, once plung'd in,
oman's soul would know no pause in sin!

irst, tho' mute she listen'd, like a dream
l all he said: nor could her mind, whose
beam
; was weak, penetrate half his scheme.

t is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in
south wind, which in June or July passes over that
the Kerzereh), it will kill him."— *Thevenot.*

But when, at length, he utter'd, "Thou
All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteou
"Oh not for worlds!" she cried — "Gr
whom
"I once knelt innocent, is this my doon
"Are all my dreams, my hopes of heav
"My purity, my pride, then come to th
"To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be
"The pander of his guilt — oh infamy!
"And sunk, myself, as low as hell can s
"In its hot flood, drag others down as c
"Others — ha! yes — that youth whc
day —
"*Not* him I lov'd — not him — oh! do
"But swear to me this moment 'tis not
"And I will serve, dark fiend, will w
thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing! — in ti
"Nor utter what I cannot, must not bea
"Ev'n from *thy* lips. Go — try thy lut
"The boy must feel their magic; — I r
"To see those fires, no matter whence t
"Once more illuming my fair Priestess'

'And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,
" *Indeed* resemble thy dead lover's form,
" So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
" As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
" Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
" Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet! — those eyes were made
" For love, not anger — I must be obey'd."

" Obey'd! — 'tis well — yes, I deserve it all —
" On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall
" Too heavily — but AZIM, brave and true
" And beautiful — must *he* be ruin'd too?
" Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven
" A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?
" Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me;
" No — he's all truth and strength and purity!
" Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim,
" Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.
" Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,
" He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
" Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
" Pure as when first we met, without a stain!

" Though ruin'd — lost — my memory, like a charm
" Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
" Oh ! never let him know how deep the brow
" He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now ; —
" Ne'er tell him how debas'd, how sunk is she,
" Whom once he lov'd — once ! — *still* loves dotingly.
" Thou laugh'st, tormentor, — what ! — thou'lt brand
my name ?
" Do, do — in vain — he'll not believe my shame —
" He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky
" Could tempt or change me, and — so once thought I.
" But this is past — though worse than death my lot,
" Than hell — 'tis nothing while *he* knows it not.
" Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
" Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die ;
" Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
" But I may fade and fall without a name.
" And thou — curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
" Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my
heart,
" And spread'st it — oh, so quick ! — thro' soul and
frame,
" With more than demon's art, till I became
" A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame ! —

If, when I'm gone ——"

" Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
Nor tempt my rage — by Heaven, not half so bold
The puny bird, that dares with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come! *
And so thou'lt fly, forsooth? — what! — give up all
Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
Where now to Love and now to ALLA given,
Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
As doth MEDINA'S tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!
Thou'lt fly? — as easily may reptiles run,
The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon;
As easily, when caught, the prey may be
Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
No, no, 'tis fix'd — let good or ill betide,
Thou'rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA'S bride!

* The humming bird is said to run this risk for the purpose picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is lated of the lapwing, as a fact to which he was witness, by *ul Lucas*, Voyage fait en 1714.

The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or hummingrd, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, firmly believed at Java. —*Barrow's Cochin-China.*

" Hast thou forgot thy oath ?" —
At this dread
The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had st
Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger tl
That burst and lighten'd even through her desp
Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breatl
That spoke that word, and stagger'd pale as d

" Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in b
" Their bridal place — the charnel vault was
" Instead of scents and balms, for thee and m
" Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality ;
" Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we
wed,
" And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead,
" (Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,)
" From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd d
" That oath thou heard'st more lips than
repeat —
" That cup — thou shudderest, Lady, — was it s
" That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest
" Hath bound thee — aye — body and soul all
" Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or
" No matter now, not hell itself shall burst !

" Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
" Look wild, look — any thing but sad; yet stay —
" One moment more — from what this night hath pass'd,
" I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
" Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
" And that I love mankind? — I do, I do —
" As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
" Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;
" Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
" That rank and venomous food on which she lives? * —

" And, now thou seest my *soul*'s angelic hue,
" 'Tis time these *features* were uncurtain'd too; —
" This brow, whose light — oh rare celestial light!
" Hath been reserv'd to bless thy favour'd sight;
" These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might

* Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert. — *Solinus.*

" Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel dow
quake —
" Would that they *were* heaven's lightnings
sake!
" But turn and look — then wonder, if thou
" That I should hate, should take revenge, b
" Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose n
" Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon
" And on that race who, though more vile t
" Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!
" Here — judge if hell, with all its power to
" Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!

He raised his veil — the Maid turn'd slowly
Look'd at him — shriek'd — and sunk up
ground!

N their arrival, next night, at the place of ıcampment, they were surprised and delighted) find the groves all around illuminated; some rtists of Yamtcheou* having been sent on reviously for the purpose. On each side of he green alley, which led to the Royal Pavi- ion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work† were rected, representing arches, minarets, and owers, from which hung thousands of silken

* "The feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than any where else: and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence." — *The present State of China*, p. 156.

† See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the *Asiatic Annual Register of* 1804.

lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. — Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

LALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of ZELICA and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion, — greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou, — and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations. *

* " The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one

Without a moment's delay, young FERAMORZ was introduced, and FADLADEEN, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when LALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded:—

evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom." — *Present State of China.*

PREPARE thy soul, young AZIM!—thou hast bra
The bands of GREECE, still mighty though enslav
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the down
lid;—
Such, AZIM, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites; —
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
Like SEBA's Queen could vanquish with that one*: —
While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue†,
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream:
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye‡,

* "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes." — *Sol. Song.*

† "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral." — *Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush.*

‡ "The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Kohol." — *Russel.*

"None of these ladies," says *Shaw*, "take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we

Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.
All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining every where: — some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;—
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold *,
Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES' flood,
Her little play-mates scatter'd many a bud

shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 30.) may be supposed to mean by *rending the eyes with painting.* This practice is no doubt of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings, ix. 30.) *to have painted her face,* the original words are, *she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore.*" — *Shaw*'s Travels.

* "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Campac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions." — See *Asiatic Researches,* vol. iv.

Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell, —
The sweet Elcaya*, and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy†,
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
Young AZIM roams bewilder'd, — nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, o'er tesselated floors
Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,

* A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen. — *Niebuhr.*

† Of the genus mimosa, "which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade." — *Niebuhr.*

Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illume at night
The bowers of TIBET*, send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode: —
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as the' enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers:
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silv'ry dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate — in bondage throw
For their weak loveliness — is like her own!

* "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence." — *Turner's* Tibet.

ne side gleaming with a sudden grace
ugh water, brilliant as the crystal vase
ıich it undulates, small fishes shine,
golden ingots from a fairy mine; —
e, on the other, latticed lightly in
odoriferous woods of COMORIN*,
brilliant bird that wings the air is seen; —
sparkling loories, such as gleam between
crimson blossoms of the coral tree†
e warm isles of India's sunny sea:
:a's blue sacred pigeon‡, and the thrush
lindostan§, whose holy warblings gush,
vening, from the tall pagoda's top; —
e golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop

* C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloes, que les Arabes appellent Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande ité." — *D'Herbelot.*

† Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral-trees."— *w.*

‡ In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which will affright or abuse, much less kill." — *Pitt's* Account Mahometans.

§ The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first cho- of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and thence delivers its melodious song." — *Pennant's* Hin- ı.

About the gardens, drunk with that sweet fo
Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;
In short, all rare and beauteous things, that
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds § that
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

So on, through scenes past all imagining,
More like the luxuries of that impious King
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning
Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's

* *Tavernier* adds, that while the Birds of Paradi
this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off th
and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

† Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season,
flights from the southern isles to India; and "the st
the nutmeg," says *Tavernier*, "so intoxicates them t
fall dead drunk to the earth."

‡ "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth
with cinnamon." — *Brown*'s Vulgar Errors.

§ "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in t
of green birds." — *Gibbon*, vol. ix. p. 421.

‖ Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim
tation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning
time he attempted to enter them.

Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,
Arm'd with Heav'n's sword, for man's enfranchise
ment —
Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

"Is this, then," thought the youth, "is this the wa
"To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
"Of worldly sloth, — to teach him while he lives,
"To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
"And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
"A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame?
"It was not so, Land of the generous thought
"And daring deed, thy god-like sages taught;
"It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
"Thy Freedom nurs'd her sacred energies;
"Oh! not beneath the' enfeebling, withering glow
"Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,
"With which she wreath'd her sword, when sh
would dare
"Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
"Of toil, — of temperance, — of that high, rare,

" Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
" Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wre
" Who, that surveys this span of earth we pr
" This speck of life in time's great wildernes
" This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless
" The past, the future, two eternities! —
" Would sully the bright spot, or leave it ba
" When he might build him a proud temple
" A name, that long shall hallow all its spac
" And be each purer soul's high resting-plac
" But no — it cannot be, that one, whom G
" Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's
" A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission d
" Its rights from Heaven, should thus pro
cause
" With the world's vulgar pomps; — no,
see —
" He thinks me weak — this glare of luxury
" Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
" Of my young soul — shine on, 'twill st
blaze!"

So thought the youth; — but, ev'n while h
This witching scene, he felt its witchery glid

ıgh ev'ry sense. The perfume breathing round,
a pervading spirit; — the still sound
lling waters, lulling as the song
dian bees at sunset, when they throng
nd the fragrant NILICA, and deep
blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep*;
music, too — dear music! that can touch
nd all else the soul that loves it much —
heard far off, so far as but to seem
the faint, exquisite music of a dream;
'as too much for him, too full of bliss,
ıeart could nothing feel, that felt not this;
n'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
oul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
eeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;
ıought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,
of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
t and happy — as if God had given
ht else worth looking at on this side heaven.

My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the
) is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are sup-
to sleep on its blossoms." — *Sir W. Jones.*

" Oh, my lov'd mistress, thou, whose spirit s
" Is with me, round me, wander where I will -
" It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
" The paths of glory; to light up thy cheek
" With warm approval — in that gentle look,
" To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
" And think all toils rewarded, when from the
" I gain a smile worth immortality!
" How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd
" To that young heart where I alone am Lord,
" Though of such bliss unworthy, — since the
" Alone deserve to be the happiest: —
" When from those lips, unbreathed upon for y
" I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
" And find those tears warm as when last
started,
" Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted.
" O my own life! — why should a single day,
" A moment keep me from those arms away?'

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the bre
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy link
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.

He turns him tow'rd the sound, and far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,
So long the path, its light so tremulous;—
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers*;
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery;
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
While others wak'd, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still.
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.

* "They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage."— *The Bahardanush.*

Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun, —
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path, that from the chamb
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behi
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are g
And she is left in all that light alone;
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous no
But a light golden chain-work round her ha
Such as the maids of YEZD† and SHIRAS w
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in the' Arab tongue,

* " One of the head-dresses of the Persian women posed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pe a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a cro on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and whi upon the cheek below the ear." — *Hanway's* Travels.

† " Certainly the women of Yezd are the ha women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happ must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, a the wine of Shiraz." — *Tavernier.*

Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine;
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again.
But when at length a timid glance she stole
At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,
And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,
Though shrinking still, she came;—then sat her down
Upon a musnud's* edge, and, bolder grown,
In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN†
Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began:—

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER'S‡ stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;

* Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

† The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or Perdas by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.

‡ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet d
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the ye
I think — is the nightingale singing there yet
Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEM

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the
But some blossoms were gather'd, while f
they shone,
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, tha
All the fragrance of summer, when summ
gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my e
Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDE

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if
wert sent,
"With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishme
"To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
"Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the a

" For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
" Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
" But thou hast breath'd such purity, thy lay
" Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
" And leads thy soul — if e'er it wander'd thence —
" So gently back to its first innocence,
" That I would sooner stop the unchained dove,
" When swift returning to its home of love,
" And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
" Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!"

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
The gently open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there: —
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, — lightsome as they
Who live in the' air on odours, — and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,

Chase one another, in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit: —
While she, who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray, —
But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who dan
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore*;
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of EDEN, shake in the eternal breeze†,

* "To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, n Badku,) was a mountain, which sparkled like diamon arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abound —*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

† "To which will be added the sound of the bells, hangi on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind p

und their steps, at every bound more sweet,
e the' extatic language of their feet.
h the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd
ach other's arms; while soft there breath'd
ı the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
ılight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
me still lake, so liquidly it rose;
it swell'd again at each faint close,
could track through all that maze of chords
ng sweet voices, these impassion'd words:—

RIT there is, whose fragrant sigh
urning now through earth and air;
; cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
ere lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

eath is the soul of flowers like these,
l his floating eyes — oh! *they* resemble*
ater-lilies†, when the breeze
aking the stream around them tremble.

om the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish
— *Sale.*
ose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated
eze." — *Jayadeva.*
lue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as th

By the fair and brave
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night;

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky;

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part;

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which — oh, could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
And where, midst all that the young heart loves most,
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
The youth had started up, and turn'd away
From the light nymphs, and their luxurious lay,
To muse upon the pictures that hung round*, —
Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
But here again new spells came o'er his sense: —
All that the pencil's mute omnipotence

* It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but *Toderini* shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
Of fond and passionate, was glowing there;
Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;
Which knows ev'n Beauty when half-veil'd is best,—
Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest. *
There hung the history of the Genii-King,
Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering
With her from SABA's bowers, in whose bright eyes
He read that to be blest is to be wise †; —

* This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley (says Keil) has shown that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

† For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see *D'Herbelot*, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

"In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming." This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, 'Enter the palace.' And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it.

Here fond ZULEIKA * woos with open arms
The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
Wishes that Heav'n and she could *both* be won;
And here MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,
Forgets the Koran in his MARY'S smile; —
Then beckons some kind angel from above
With a new text to consecrate their love. †

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and lingering eye,
Did the youth pass these pictur'd stories by,
And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright

Whereupon Solomon said to her, 'Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass.'" — Chap. 27.

* The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals.

The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yusef vau Zelikha*, by *Noureddin Jami*; the manuscript copy of which, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is supposed to be the finest in the whole world." — *Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafez.*

† The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in *Gagnier's Notes upon Abulfeda*, p. 151.

The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
Here paus'd he, while the music, now less nea
Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,
As though the distance, and that heavenly ray
Through which the sounds came floating,
away
All that had been too earthly in the lay.

Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmov'
And by that light — nor dream of her he lov'
Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou m
'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.
Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st
last,
Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast;
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in Heaven.
Think, in her own still bower she waits thee n
With the same glow of heart and bloom of br
Yet shrin'd in solitude — thine all, thine only,
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonel

Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone; —
Alone? — no, not alone — that heavy sigh,
That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh —
Whose could it be? — alas! is misery found
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
Against a pillar near; — not glittering o'er
With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress*,
Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
Of friends or kindred, dead or far away; —
And such as Zelica had on that day
He left her — when, with heart too full to speak,
He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him, — more
Than mere compassion ever wak'd before;

* "Deep blue is their mourning colour." — *Hanway.*

Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she
Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground;—
Her veil falls off — her faint hands clasp his knees—
'Tis she herself! — 'tis ZELICA he sees!
But, ah, so pale, so chang'd — none but a lover
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
The once ador'd divinity — ev'n he
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd
Upon those lids, where once such lustre blaz'd,
Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
Who, ev'n when grief was heaviest — when loth
He left her for the wars — in that worst hour
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower *,
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

* The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

"Look up, my ZELICA — one moment show
"Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
"Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
"But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
"Come, look upon thy AZIM — one dear glance,
"Like those of old, were heav'n! whatever chance
"Hath brought thee here, oh, 'twas a blessed one!
"There — my lov'd lips — they move — that kiss hath run
"Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
"And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again.
"Oh the delight — now, in this very hour,
"When had the whole rich world been in my power,
"I should have singled out thee, only thee,
"From the whole world's collected treasury —
"To have thee here — to hang thus fondly o'er
"My own, best, purest ZELICA once more!"

It was indeed the touch of those fond lips
Upon her eyes that chas'd their short eclipse,
And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven's breath,
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,
Her lids unclos'd, and the bright eyes were seen
Gazing on his — not, as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene;

As if to lie, ev'n for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his belov'd caress
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
But, when she heard him call her good and pure
Oh, 'twas too much — too dreadful to endure!
Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
A heart of very marble, "Pure!—oh Heaven!"—

That tone — those looks so chang'd — the with
ing blight,
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light;
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;
And then the place, — that bright, unholy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wily covering of sweet balsam leaves*, —

* "Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequ
among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inqui

All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself; — it needs not to be told —
No, no — he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark — whate'er the hand,
That could from Heav'n and him such brightness sever,
'Tis done — to Heav'n and him she's lost for ever!
It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years
Could match that minute's anguish — all the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate.

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as wild he toss'd
His desperate hand tow'rds Heav'n — "though I am lost,
"Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,
"No, no — 'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!
"Nay, doubt me not — though all thy love hath ceas'd —
"I know it hath — yet, yet believe, at least,

several were brought me alive both to Yambo and Jidda."— *Bruce.*

" That every spark of reason's light must be
" Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from t
" They told me thou wert dead — why, AZIM,
" Did we not, both of us, that instant die
" When we were parted? oh! could'st thou but k
" With what a deep devotedness of woe
" I wept thy absence — o'er and o'er again
" Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew p
" And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
" Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away.
" Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
" My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to con
" And, all the long, long night of hope and fea
" Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear —
" Oh God! thou would'st not wonder that, at l
" When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
" When I heard frightful voices round me say
" *Azim is dead!* — this wretched brain gave w
" And I became a wreck, at random driven,
" Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven -
" All wild — and even this quenchless love with
" Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin! —
" Thou pitiest me — I knew thou would'st — that
" Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.

" The fiend, who lur'd me hither — hist! come near,
" Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear —
" Told me such things — oh! with such devilish art,
" As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier heart —
" Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
" Where bless'd at length, if I but serv'd *him* here,
" I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
" And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.
" Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,
" To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
" Thou weep'st for me — do weep — oh, that I durst
" Kiss off that tear! but, no — these lips are curst,
" They must not touch thee; — one divine caress,
" One blessed moment of forgetfulness
" I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
" Shrin'd in my soul's deep memory till I die;
" The last of joy's last relics here below,
" The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,
" My heart has treasur'd from affection's spring,
" To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
" But thou — yes, thou must go — for ever go;
" This place is not for thee — for thee! oh no,
" Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur'd brain
" Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!

" Enough, that Guilt reigns here — that hearts, o
good,
" Now tainted, chill'd, and broken, are his food
" Enough, that we are parted — that there rolls
" A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
" Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
" As hell from heav'n, to all eternity!"

" ZELICA, ZELICA!" the youth exclaim'd,
In all the tortures of a mind inflam'd
Almost to madness — " by that sacred Heav'n,
" Where yet, if pray'rs can move, thou'lt be
given,
" As thou art here — here, in this writhing hear
" All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
" By the remembrance of our once pure love,
" Which, like a church-yard light, still burns ab
" The grave of our lost souls — which guilt in t
" Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
" I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence —
" If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
" Fly with me from this place ———"
" With thee! oh bli
" 'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this

ıat ! take the lost one with thee ? — let her rove
thy dear side, as in those days of love,
ıen we were both so happy, both so pure —
› heavenly dream ! if there's on earth a cure
· the sunk heart, 'tis this — day after day
be the blest companion of thy way;
hear thy angel eloquence — to see
ose virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
d, in their light re-chasten'd silently,
ɛe the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
ow pure by being purely shone upon !
d thou wilt pray for me — I know thou wilt —
the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
me heaviest o'er the heart, thou'lt lift thine eyes,
ll of sweet tears, unto the dark'ning skies,
ıd plead for me with Heav'n, till I can dare
fix my own weak, sinful glances there ;
ll the good angels, when they see me cling
r ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
all for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,
ıd bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heaven !
ı yes, I'll fly with thee ———"
Scarce had she said
ıe breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
hat of MONKER, *waking* up the dead

Erom their first sleep — so startling 'twas to both —
Rung through the casement near, "Thy oath! thy oath!"
Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that Maid's look! —
"'Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies
And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before —
"'Tis he, and I am his — all, all is o'er —
"Go — fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too —
"My oath, my oath, oh God! 'tis all too true,
"True as the worm in this cold heart it is —
"I am MOKANNA's bride — his, AZIM, his —
"The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
"Their blue lips echo'd it — I hear them now!
"Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that bowl,
"'Twas burning blood — I feel it in my soul!
"And the Veil'd Bridegroom — hist! I've seen to-night
"What angels know not of — so foul a sight,
"So horrible — oh! never may'st thou see
"What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!

must hence — off, off — I am not thine,
:eav'n's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
me not — ha! think'st thou the fiends that
ever
s, cannot sunder hands? — thus, then — for
:ver!"

all that strength, which madness lends the
reak,
ıg away his arm; and, with a shriek,
ound, though he should linger out more years
retch e'er told, can never leave his ears —
through that long avenue of light,
as some dark, ominous bird of night,
:he sun, and soon was out of sight!

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothi
but the misery of these two you
Her gaiety was gone, and she looked
even upon FADLADEEN. She felt, to
knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasu
gining that AZIM must have been j
youth as FERAMORZ; just as worth
all the blessings, without any of the
that illusive passion, which too ofte
sunny apples of Istkahar*, is all sw
one side, and all bitterness on the ot

As they passed along a sequest
after sunset, they saw a young H
upon the bank†, whose employment

* "In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind
of which is sweet and half sour." — *Ebn Haukal.*

† For an account of this ceremony, see *Gran*
in the Indian Ocean.

ıtrange, that they stopped their palan-
observe her. She had lighted a small
ed with oil of cocoa, and placing it in
en dish, adorned with a wreath of
had committed it with a trembling
the stream; and was now anxiously
its progress down the current, heed-
ıe gay cavalcade which had drawn up
:r. LALLA ROOKH was all curiosity;
one of her attendants, who had lived
: banks of the Ganges, (where this
' is so frequent, that often, in the dusk
'ening, the river is seen glittering all
ı lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of
informed the Princess that it was the
y, in which the friends of those who
on dangerous voyages offered up vows
safe return. If the lamp sunk imme-
he omen was disastrous; but if it went

place where the Whangho, a river of Tibet, rises, there are more than a hundred springs, which stars; whence it is called Hotun-nor, that is, the ." — *Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

shining down the stream, and continued t
till entirely out of sight, the return c
beloved object was considered as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, mor
once looked back, to observe how the
Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while sh
with pleasure that it was still unextingu
she could not help fearing that all the ho
this life were no better than that feeble
upon the river. The remainder of the jo
was passed in silence. She now, for th
time, felt that shade of melancholy,
comes over the youthful maiden's hea
sweet and transient as her own breath u
mirror; nor was it till she heard the l
FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the door
pavilion, that she waked from the reve
which she had been wandering. Instant
eyes were lighted up with pleasure; and,
a few unheard remarks from FADLADEEN
the indecorum of a poet seating hims

sence of a Princess, every thing was arranged on the preceding evening, and all listened h eagerness, while the story was thus con- ued:—

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the wi
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War which, in a few short hours
Hath sprung up here*, as if the magic power

* "The Lescar or Imperial Camp is divided, like a t
town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising
furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the
Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it
the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even tho
leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his p
are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situat
beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot preva
themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience
court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed
tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out o
tents. — *Dow*'s Hindostan.

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern e
ment: — "His camp, like that of most Indian armies
bited a motley collection of covers from the scorching s
dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or
of each individual, by extensive inclosures of coloured
surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged cl
blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm leaves
spread over similar supports; handsome tents and s
canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels; all inte
without any exterior mark of order or design, except th
of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a cong
these masses; the only regular part of the encampmen
the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly

Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillar'd halls of CHILMINAR*,
Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright armory: —
Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold: —
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitrels glittering in the sun;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells†,
Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, or the locust bird ‡
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard; —

manner of a booth at an English fair." — *Historical Sketches of the South of India.*

* The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

† "A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells." — *Ali Bey.*

‡ A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called

Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the wind;
The neigh of cavalry; — the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers songs *; —
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies; —
War-music, bursting out from time to time,
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime; —
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
That far off, broken by the eagle note
Of the' Abyssinian trumpet†, swell and float.

the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

* "Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully." — *Pitt*'s Account of the Mahometans.

"The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music." — *Tavernier.*

† "This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle." — *Note of Bruce's Editor.*

Who leads this mighty army? — ask ye "who?"
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
The Night and Shadow*, over yonder tent? —
It is the CALIPH's glorious armament.
Rous'd in his Palace by the dread alarms,
That hourly came, of the false Prophet's arms,
And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
Defiance fierce at Islam† and the world, —
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
The veils of his bright Palace calm reclin'd,
Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
Thus unreveng'd, the evening of his reign;
But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave‡
To conquer or to perish, once more gave
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And with an army, nurs'd in victories,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

* The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, The Night and The Shadow. — See *Gibbon*.

† The Mahometan religion.

‡ "The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him, if he dare swear by the Holy Grave."— *Struy*.

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display
Such pomp before; — not ev'n when on his way
To MECCA's Temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury*;
When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw
Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of MECCA's sun, with urns of Persian snow†: —
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
First, in the van, the People of the Rock‡,
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock§:
Then, chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry‖; —

* Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

† Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam. — *Abulfeda.*

‡ The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petræa, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock." — *Ebn Haukal.*

§ "Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds." — *Niebuhr.*

‖ "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems." — *Asiat. Misc.* v. i.

om the regions near the VOLGA's mouth,
ith the rude, black archers of the South;
lian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,
ıe far SINDE, or ATTOCK's sacred banks,
ısky legions from the Land of Myrrh *,
ny a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-sea islander.

ess in number, though more new and rude
ıre's school, was the vast multitude
r'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
the white standard of the' impostor throng'd.
ıis thousands of Believers — blind,
; and headlong as the Samiel wind —
ho felt, and more who fear'd to feel
ody Islamite's converting steel,
to his banner; — Chiefs of the' UZBEK race,
their heron crests with martial grace†;
MANS, countless as their flocks, led forth
ıe' aromatic pastures of the North;

b or Saba.
ıe chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white
eathers in their turbans." — *Account of Independent*

Wild warriors of the turquoise hills*, — and t
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
Of HINDOO KOSH†, in stormy freedom bred,
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's be
But none, of all who own'd the Chief's comma
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,
Or sterner hate, than IRAN's outlaw'd men,
Her Worshippers of Fire‡ — all panting then
For vengeance on the' accursed Saracen;
Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn
Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'ert
From YEZD's§ eternal Mansion of the Fire,
Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire

* In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khor they find turquoises. — *Ebn Haukal.*

† For a description of these stupendous ranges of tains, see *Elphinstone's Caubul.*

‡ The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zor and who, after the conquest of their country by the were either persecuted at home, or forced to become derers abroad.

§ "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient native worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have fully kept lighted, without being once extinguished moment, about 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mou — *Stephen's Persia.*

From BADKU, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the CASPIAN*, fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled.

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners tost
Around the Prophet-Chief — all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And risen again, and found them grappling yet;
While streams of carnage in his noontide blaze,
Smoke up to Heav'n — hot as that crimson haze,
By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd †,
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad.

* "When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naphtha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible."—*Hanway on the Everlasting Fire at Baku.*

† *Savary* says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape

He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burs
From weaker heads, and souls but half way c
To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the wor
But vain his speed — though, in that hour of t
Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood
With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
MOKANNA'S soul would have defied them all,
Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along;
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array
Of flying thousands — he is borne away;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,
In this forc'd flight, is — murdering as he goe
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprizes in some parch'd ravine at night,
Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched floc
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the r
And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay

"Alla illa Alla!" — the glad shout renew-
"Alla Akbar!"* — the Caliph's in MEROU

* The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. "Alla Acbar! Ockley, means, "God is most mighty."

Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets.*
The Swords of God have triumph'd — on his throne
Your Caliph sits, and the veil'd Chief hath flown.
Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
In all the graceful gratitude of power,
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
Who doth not wonder, when, amid'st the' acclaim
Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name —
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
Like music round a planet as it rolls, —
He turns away — coldly, as if some gloom
Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illume; —
Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.
Yes, wretched AZIM! thine is such a grief,
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
Or warm or brighten, — like that Syrian Lake†,

* The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions. — *Russel.*

† The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead! —
Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of w
Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow;
But thine, lost youth! was sudden — over thee
It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past
Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last —
'Twas then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
This mortal blight of misery came down;
Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart
Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start
And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.

One sole desire, one passion now remains
To keep life's fever still within his veins,
Vengeance! — dire vengeance on the wretch w
cast
O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
Far, far away, after that fatal night, —
Rumours of armies, thronging to the' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief, — for this he wing'd him ba

Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
And, when all hope seem'd desp'rate, wildly hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world.
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists — like lightning-fire,
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;
With a small band of desperate fugitives,
The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriven,
Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heaven,
He gain'd MEROU — breath'd a short curse of blood
O'er his lost throne — then pass'd the JIHON'S flood *,
And gathering all, whose madness of belief
Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n Chief,
Rais'd the white banner within NEKSHEB'S gates †,
And there, untam'd, the' approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,

* The ancient Oxus.
† A city of Transoxiana.

He took but one, the partner of his flight,
One — not for love — not for her beauty's li
No, ZELICA stood withering midst the gay,
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
From the' Alma tree and dies, while overhea
To-day's young flower is springing in its ste
Oh, not for love — the deepest Damn'd must
Touch'd with Heaven's glory, ere such fiend
Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity.
But no, she is his victim; — *there* lie all
Her charms for him — charms that can neve
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of Heaven is left in her.
To work an angel's ruin, — to behold
As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul -
This is his triumph; this the joy accurst,
That ranks him among demons all but first:

* " You never can cast your eyes on this tree, meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the bloss underneath on the ground (which is frequently cove these purple-coloured flowers), others come forth stead," &c. &c. — *Nieuhoff.*

es the victim, that before him lies
and lost, a glory in his eyes,
like that with which hell-fire illumes
stly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

ther tasks now wait him — tasks that need
leep daringness of thought and deed
ich the Dives* have gifted him — for mark,
n plains, which night had else made dark,
nterns, countless as the winged lights
ngle INDIA'S fields on showery nights†, —
heir formidable gleams they shed,
ghty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
ring along the' horizon's dusky line,
nce in nearer circles, till they shine
the founts and groves, o'er which the town
s arm'd magnificence looks down.
rless, from his lofty battlements
NA views that multitude of tents;
iles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,
than myriads dare to front him yet; —

* Demons of the Persian mythology.
† Heri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy
- See his Travels.

That friendless, throneless, he thus stan
Ev'n thus a match for myriads such as
" Oh, for a sweep of that dark Angel's
" Who brush'd the thousands of th
King*
" To darkness in a moment, that I migl
" People Hell's chambers with yon host
" But, come what may, let who will
throne,
" Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall gr
" Let who will torture him, Priest — Calip
" Alike this loathsome world of his shal
" With victims' shrieks and howlings of
" Sounds, that shall glad me ev'n within
Thus, to himself — but to the scanty tra
Still left around him, a far different stra
" Glorious Defenders of the sacred Cro
" I bear from Heav'n, whose light nor
drown
" Nor shadow of earth eclipse; — before
" The paly pomp of this world's diadem

* Sennacherib, called by the Orientals Kin
— *D'Herbelot.*

"The crown of GERASHID, the pillar'd throne
"Of PARVIZ*, and the heron crest that shone†,
"Magnificent, o'er ALI'S beauteous eyes‡,
"Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:
"Warriors, rejoice — the port to which we've pass'd
"O'er Destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
"Victory's our own — 'tis written in that Book
"Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
"That ISLAM'S sceptre shall beneath the power
"Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
"When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
"From NEKSHEB'S Holy Well portentously shall rise!

* Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see *Gibbon* and *D'Herbelot.*

There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults filled with "treasures so immense that some Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou." — *Universal History.*

† "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban." — From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb. — See *Chardin.*

‡ The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe any thing as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali. — *Chardin.*

"Now turn and see!" ——
They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
A sudden splendour all around them broke,
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well*, and cast its light
Round the rich city and the plain for miles†, —
Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret
As autumn suns shed round them when they set.
Instant from all who saw the' illusive sign
A murmur broke — "Miraculous! divine!"
The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
Had wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar
Of midnight, to inflame him to the war;
While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,
The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,

* We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was "une machine, qu'il disoit être la Lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Nekscheb. — "Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiania, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

† "Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhscheb, en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles." — *D'Herbelot.* Hence he was called Sazendéhmah, or the Moon-maker.

rested on the Ark*, and now again
e out to bless the breaking of his chain.

To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
stands MOKANNA loitering at that call;
instant the huge gates are flung aside,
forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
the boundless sea, they speed their course
it on into the MOSLEM's mighty force.
watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
paus'd, and ev'n forgot the punctual sounds
ie small drum with which they count the night†,
aze upon that supernatural light,—
sink beneath an unexpected arm,
in a death-groan give their last alarm.
i for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen‡,
or blunt your blades with massacre so mean;

The Shechinah, called Sakînat in the Koran.—See *Sale's* chap. ii.

The parts of the night are made known as well by instents of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with and small drums.—See *Burder's Oriental Customs*, vol. i. 9.

The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with used to enclose a considerable space round the royal —*Notes on the Bahardanush.*

"On, Swords of God!" the panting CALIPH call
"Thrones for the living — Heav'n for him
falls!" —
"On, brave avengers, on," MOKANNA cries,
"And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies!
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day —
They clash — they strive — the CALIPH'S tr
give way!
MOKANNA'S self plucks the black Banner down
And now the Orient World's Imperial crown
Is just within his grasp — when, hark, that shou
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's ro
And now they turn, they rally — at their head
A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,
In glorious panoply of Heav'n's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through BED
vale *,)

of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is to the traveller, surprised in the middle of the deserts. rents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is e loped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colo blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

* In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Bede was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand an led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum. — See *Koran and its Commentators.*

Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
To thrones and victory, lie disgrac'd and dead,
Yet morning hears him with unshrinking crest,
Still vaunt of thrones, and victory to the rest; —
And they believe him! — oh, the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away; —
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With Heaven's rainbow; — alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well the' Impostor knew all lures and arts,
That LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts;
Nor, mid these last bold workings of his plot
Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot.
Ill-fated ZELICA! had reason been
Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
Thou never could'st have borne it — Death had come
At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.
But 'twas not so — a torpor, a suspense
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense
And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight:

And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke, –
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
Ominous flashings now and then will start,
Which show the fire's still busy at its heart;
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in solemn gloom, —
Not such as AZIM's, brooding o'er its doom,
And calm without, as is the brow of death,
While busy worms are gnawing underneath —
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd-up apathy,
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in MEROU, he had her deck'd
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice, —
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
Of the fierce NILE, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide.*

* " A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young vir to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of ea in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the trothed Bride, and throw it into the river." — *Savary.*

And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance
Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
Her soul was rous'd, and words of wildness came,
Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,
And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
Gathering around; and famine comes to glean
All that the sword had left unreap'd:—in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promis'd spears
Of the wild Hordes and TARTAR mountaineers;
They come not—while his fierce beleaguerers pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before*,

* That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from *Dow's* Account of Mamood I. "When he arrived at Moultan, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great

And horrible as new*; — javelins, that fly
Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the da

rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting fr prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by th who were very expert in that kind of war. When launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into ea and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The *agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems the Instru Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supp signify the Greek Fire. — See *Wilks*'s South of Indi p. 471. — And in the curious Javan poem, the *Bra* given by *Sir Stamford Raffles* in his History of Java, "He aimed at the heart of Soéta with the sharp Weapon of Fire."

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the A long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introd *Ebn Fadhl*, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in t teenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form pions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glid making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighte were, and burn. But there are others which, cast air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, b reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." T torian *Ben Abdalla*, in speaking of the sieges of Abul the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A fiery globe, by a combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the — See the extracts from *Casiri*'s Biblioth. Arab. His the Appendix to *Berington*'s Literary History of the Ages.

* The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by t

red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,
ıarge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount *,
·ers of consuming fire o'er all below;
ing, as through the' illumin'd night they go,
those wild birds† that by the Magians oft,
stivals of fire, were sent aloft

to their allies. "It was," says Gibbon, "either ıed in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows ıvelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had imbibed the inflammable oil."

ee *Hanway*'s Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku ı is called by *Lieutenant Pottinger* Joala Mookee, or, the ng Mouth,) taking fire and running into the sea. *Dr.* in his Journal, mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly nated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boil- ıter. "Though the weather," he adds, "was now very he warmth of these wells of hot water produced near he verdure and flowers of spring."

or Scott Waring says, that naphtha is used by the Per- as we are told it was in hell, for lamps.

. . . . . many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light
As from a sky.

At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezê, they used fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round easts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and ıppeared one great illumination; and as these terrified res naturally fled to the woods for shelter, it is easy to ve the conflagrations they produced." — *Richardson's* tation.

Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion w
All night the groans of wretches who expire,
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city — while, descending o'
Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore
Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths of gol
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd, —
Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
Now gush with blood, — and its tall minarets,
That late have stood up in the evening glare
Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer; —
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fa
And death and conflagration throughout all
The desolate city hold high festival!

MOKANNA sees the world is his no more; -
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
"What! drooping now?" — thus, with unbl
cheek,
He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak
Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,
And by the light of blazing temples dying; —

"What! — drooping now? — now, when at length
we press
"Home o'er the very threshold of success;
"When ALLA from our ranks hath thinn'd away
"Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
"Of favour from us, and we stand at length
"Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
"The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
"Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all!
"Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
"All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?
"Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
"Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
"Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
"Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither?
"Long have its lightnings slept — too long — but
now
"All earth shall feel the' unveiling of this brow!
"To-night — yes, sainted men! this very night,
"I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
"Where — having deep refresh'd each weary limb
"With viands, such as feast Heav'n's cherubim,
"And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,

" With that pure wine the Dark-ey'd Maids abo
" Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those th
love *, —
" I will myself uncurtain in your sight
" The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
" Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
" Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen — while each accent darts
New life into their chill'd and hope-sick hearts;
Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplie
To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
Wildly they point their lances to the light
Of the fast sinking sun, and shout " To-night!"-
" To-night," their Chief re-echoes in a voice
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice.
Deluded victims! — never hath this earth
Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth.
Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
This racking waste of famine and of blood,
Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the sho
Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out: —

* " The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wi
sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk."—*Koran*, chap. lxxx

e, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
'd, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
ng the dead and dying, strew'd around;—
e some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound
cing the fiery dart by which he bled,
astly transport wav'd it o'er his head!

was more than midnight now—a fearful pause
follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
re the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
n ZELICA—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
ery horror doom'd to bear its part!—
bidden to the banquet by a slave,
, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
r black, as though the shadows of the grave
pass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
nessage through, fell lifeless at her feet!
ldering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
esage that her own dark doom was near,
'd every feeling, and brought Reason back
more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
ound seem'd tranquil—even the foe had ceas'd,
aware of that demoniac feast,

His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd red,
'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
But hark—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone!
'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
A long death-groan comes with it:—can this be
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
She enters—Holy ALLA, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd
All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swoll'n heads sunk blackening on their breasts,
Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!
While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain

d have met death with transport by his side,
mute and helpless gasp'd;—but, as they died,
'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
:lench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

:adful it was to see the ghastly stare,
tony look of horror and despair,
h some of these expiring victims cast
their souls' tormentor to the last;—
that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,
'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,
he long promis'd light, the brow, whose beaming
to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,
eatures horribler than Hell e'er trac'd
s own brood;—no Demon of the Waste*,
urch-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the light
e blest sun, e'er blasted human sight
lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
Impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows:—

The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes serts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, they call the Ghoolee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste. often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by , they are wild as the Demon of the Waste."— *Elphin- Caubul.*

" There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star—
" Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
" Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
" Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
" Swear that the burning death ye feel within
" Is but the trance with which Heav'n's joys begin;
" That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgrac'd
" Ev'n monstrous man, is—after God's own taste;
" And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said
" My greetings through, the' uncourteous souls are fled.
" Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
" If EBLIS loves you half so well as I.—
" Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy seat;
" Nay come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet
" The Dead before?—they grac'd our wedding, sweet;
" And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true
" Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.
" But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
" Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,

bride — yet stay — one precious drop
nains,
to warm a gentle Priestess' veins; —
rink — and should thy lover's conquering
ns
ither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
m but half this venom in thy kiss,
forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

ne — I too must die — but not like these
akling things, to fester in the breeze;
this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
l death's grimness added to its own,
to dust beneath the taunting eyes
s, exclaiming, 'There his Godship lies!'
rsed race — since first my soul drew breath,
been my dupes, and *shall* be ev'n in death.
e'st yon cistern in the shade — 'tis fill'd
rning drugs, for this last hour distill'd *: —

nna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se me ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûnsumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les son corps, et que ceux qui restoient de sa secte ire qu'il étoit monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas - *D'Herbelot.*

" There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
" Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame!—
" There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
" Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
" So shall my votaries, wheresoe'er they rave,
" Proclaim that Heav'n took back the Saint it gave;—
" That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
" To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
" So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
" Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
" Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
" Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
" The sail he spreads for Heav'n with blasts from hell!
" So shall my banner, through long ages, be
" The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—
" Kings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA's name,
" And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
" Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
" And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life.
" But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
" Why, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all.
" No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
" And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb.

"Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
"In one bold plunge, commences Deity!"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
Quick clos'd the burning waters o'er his head,
And ZELICA was left—within the ring
Of those wide walls the only living thing;
The only wretched one, still curs'd with breath,
In all that frightful wilderness of death!
More like some bloodless ghost—such as, they tell,
In the Lone Cities of the Silent* dwell,
And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit
Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the beleaguerers.
Their globes of fire (the dread artillery lent
By GREECE to conquering MAHADI) are spent;
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent

* "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."—*Elphinstone.*

From high balistas, and the shielded thı
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram alon
All speak the' impatient Islamite's inten
To try, at length, if tower and battleme
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to
Less tough to break down than the hea
First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning AZIM — oh! could he but
The' Impostor once alive within his gra
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clas
Could match that gripe of vengeance, c
With the fell heartiness of Hate's embr

Loud rings the ponderous ram again
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttres
But still no breach — "Once more, one r
"Of all your beams, together thunderi
There — the wall shakes — the shouting
"Quick, quick discharge your weightie
"Right on that spot, and NEKSHEB is o
'Tis done — the battlements come crash
And the huge wall, by that stroke riv'n
Yawning, like some old crater, rent an
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking t

trange! no signs of life — nought living seen
'e, below — what can this stillness mean?
nute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes —
through the breach," impetuous AZIM cries;
he cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile
is blank stillness, checks the troops awhile. —
then, a figure, with slow step, advanc'd
ı from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanc'd
ıbeam over it, all eyes could see
well-known Silver Veil! — "'Tis He, 'tis He,
KANNA, and alone!" they shout around;
g AZIM from his steed springs to the ground —
ıe, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
crush yon daring wretch — 'tis all I ask."
r he darts to meet the demon foe,
still across wide heaps of ruin slow
falteringly comes, till they are near;
, with a bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,
casting off the Veil in falling, shows —
— 'tis his ZELICA's life-blood that flows!

meant not, AZIM," soothingly she said,
ı his trembling arm she lean'd her head,

And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear -
" I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this:
" Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
" Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou k
know,
" How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
" But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow;
" To linger on were maddening — and I thought
" If once that Veil — nay, look not on it — caug
" The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
" Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
" But this is sweeter — oh! believe me, yes —
" I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
" This death within thy arms I would not give
" For the most smiling life the happiest live!
" All, that stood dark and drear before the eye
" Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
" A light comes o'er me from those looks of love
" Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
" And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
" Angels will echo the blest words in Heaven!
" But live, my AZIM; — oh! to call thee mine
" Thus once again! *my* AZIM — dream divine!

hou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
ICA hereafter would be sweet,
to pray for her — to bend the knee
and night before that Deity,
ı pure lips and hearts without a stain,
are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain, —
r that He may pardon her, — may take
ion on her soul for thy dear sake,
ıght remembering but her love to thee,
r all thine, all His, eternally!
ose happy fields where first we twin'd
thful hearts together — every wind
ets thee there, fresh from the well-known
vers,
ıg the sweetness of those innocent hours
thy soul, and thou may'st feel again
poor ZELICA as thou didst then.
thy orisons, like dew that flies
'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise
love's earliest ardour to the skies!
uld they — but, alas, my senses fail —
ıe minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
ı'd souls may, from that World of Bliss,
heir joy to those they love in this —

" I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
" Oh Heav'n—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell.

Time fleeted — years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still — when, by a rustic grave,
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down—and, though the shad
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even Death — like the last streak
Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.
His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;
She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all drest
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died.—
And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,
He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear FADLADEEN'S criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.* In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porce-

* "The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent-tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit-season by a guard of sepoys; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table." — *Mrs. Graham's* Journal of a Residence in India.

lain *, had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces: — an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old, as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believ-

* This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors" (about the year 442). — *Dunn*'s Collection of curious Observations, &c.; — a bad translation of some parts of the Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses of the Missionary Jesuits.

ing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

"In order," said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever ——"—"My good FADLADEEN!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition."—"If that be all," replied the critic, evidently mortified at not being allowed to

show how much he knew about every thing, but the subject immediately before him—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi), whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came, according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub

of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."*

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves,

* "La lecture de ces Fables plaisoit si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontoient étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préference attira à Nasser la malediction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples." — *D'Herbelot.*

like the blacksmith's* apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences, too, in which it indulged, were unpardonable;—for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such;—

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said FADLADEEN, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?"—He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed

* The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

ed to follow their example. It became sary, therefore, however painful to himself, t an end to his valuable animadversions for resent, and he accordingly concluded, with r of dignified candour, thus: — "Notwithing the observations which I have thought duty to make, it is by no means my wish courage the young man: — so far from it, d, that if he will but totally alter his style iting and thinking, I have very little doubt I shall be vastly pleased with him."

me days elapsed, after this harangue of the t Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could ire to ask for another story. The youth still a welcome guest in the pavilion — to ieart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome; it all mention of poetry was, as if by ion consent, avoided. Though none of the had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his ires, thus magisterially delivered, evidently an impression on them all. The Poet,

himself, to whom criticism was quite a
operation, (being wholly unknown in that
dise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the sh
it is generally felt at first, till use has m
more tolerable to the patient; — the I
began to suspect that they ought not
pleased, and seemed to conclude that
must have been much good sense in what
LADEEN said, from its having set them
soundly to sleep; — while the self-compl
Chamberlain was left to triumph in the i
having, for the hundred and fiftieth time
life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH
— and Love knew why — persisted in
delighted with all she had heard, and in r
ing to hear more as speedily as possible.
manner, however, of first returning t
subject was unlucky. It was while they
during the heat of noon near a fountai
which some hand had rudely traced those
known words from the Garden of Sa
" Many, like me, have viewed this fou

hey are gone, and their eyes are closed for
!" — that she took occasion, from the
ncholy beauty of this passage, to dwell
the charms of poetry in general. "It is
" she said, "few poets can imitate that
me bird, which flies always in the air,
ıever touches the earth*: — it is only once
any ages a Genius appears, whose words,
those on the Written Mountain, last for
r: — but still there are some, as delightful,

The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed
onstantly in the air, and never touch the ground; it is
upon as a bird of happy omen; and that every head it
ades will in time wear a crown." — *Richardson.*
the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with
in 1760, one of the stipulations was, "that he should
the distinction of two honorary attendants standing
him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the
a, according to the practice of his family." — *Wilks*'s
of India. He adds in a note; — "The Humma is a
us bird. The head over which its shadow once passes
ssuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little
uspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultaun, found at
apatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical
"

To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the
tions, figures, &c. on those rocks, which have from
acquired the name of the Written Mountain." — *Volney.*

perhaps, though not so wonderful, who,
stars over our head, are at least flowers
our path, and whose sweetness of the n
we ought gratefully to inhale, without
upon them for a brightness and a dur
beyond their nature. In short," continu
blushing, as if conscious of being caugh
oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet
wander through his regions of enchan
without having a critic for ever, like t
Man of the Sea, upon his back!"*—I
DEEN, it was plain, took this last li
allusion to himself, and would treasure it
his mind as a whetstone for his next cri
A sudden silence ensued; and the Pr

M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains t
some mysterious and important meaning to these insc
but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they m
been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mou
"who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished ro
any pointed instrument; adding to their names and
of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak t
of a people but little skilled in the arts." — *Niebuhr.*

* The Story of Sinbad.

glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor, for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion, has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair*, to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.† As they sat in

* See *Nott*'s Hafez, Ode v.

† "The Cámalatá (called by Linnæus, Ipomæa) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its

the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay*, or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess

leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are 'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,' and have justly procured it the name of Cámalatá, or Love's Creeper."— *Sir W. Jones.*

"Cámalatá may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming Ipomæa."— *Ib.*

* "According to Father Premare, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself."— *Asiat. Res.*

no objection, he would venture to relate.
is," said he, with an appealing look to
LADEEN, "in a lighter and humbler strain
the other:" then, striking a few careless
melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus
an:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy Spirits who wander there,
"Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
"Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
"And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
"One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all!

"Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
"With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear*,

* "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cash-

" And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;
" Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
" And the golden floods that thitherward stray*,
" Yet—oh, 'tis only the Blest can say
" How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

" Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
" From world to luminous world, as far
" As the universe spreads its flaming wall:
" Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
" And multiply each through endless years,
" One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies

mere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it." — *Foster.*

* " The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it." — *Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise. *

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
"'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
"*The Peri yet may be forgiven*
"*Who brings to this Eternal gate*
"*The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
"Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—
"'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in."

Rapidly as comets run
To the' embraces of the Sun;—
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands †

* "The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue campac flowers only in Paradise."—*Sir W. Jones.* It appears however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangcabow given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere."—*Marsden's* Sumatra.

† "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when

At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb the' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heav'n? — "I know
"The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
"In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
"Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR*;
"I know where the Isles of Perfume are†
"Many a fathom down in the sea,
"To the south of sun-bright ARABY‡;

they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the heavens." —*Fryer.*

* The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there. — *D'Herbelot, Volney.*

† *Diodorus* mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says *Grandpré*) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations." — *Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*

‡ The Isles of Panchaia.

"I know, too, where the Genii hid
"The jewell'd cup of their King JAMSHID*,
"With Life's elixir sparkling high—
"But gifts like these are not for the sky.
"Where was there ever a gem that shone
"Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful Throne?
"And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
"In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mus'd, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks, and amber beds†;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;

* "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."— *Richardson.*

† "It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands."— *Travels of two Mohammedans.*

Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades*—
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?†

* . . . . . in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, *a pillar'd shade*,
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between. MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree, see *Cordiner's* Ceylon.

† "With this immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni." - *Ferishta.*

'Tis He of GAZNA*—fierce in wrath
He comes, and INDIA's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and lov'd Sultana†;
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And choaks up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.

* "Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century."— See his History in *Dow* and Sir *J. Malcolm*.

† "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."— *Universal History*, vol. iii.

"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
"The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell! —
Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay,
And, when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

'Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
'My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
'Though foul are the drops that oft distil
"On the field of warfare, blood like this,
"For Liberty shed, so holy is*,

* Objections may be made to my use of the word Liberty in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as

"It would not stain the purest rill,
"That sparkles among the Bowers of Blis
"Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
"A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
"'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
"From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her c

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
"Who die thus for their native Land.—
"But see—alas!—the crystal bar
"Of Eden moves not—holier far
"Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
"That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!

totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever
in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to
it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well und
at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted
yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it
national independence, that freedom from the interfere
dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no lib
any kind can exist; and for which both Hindoos and P
fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many
a bravery that deserved much better success.

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among AFRIC's lunar Mountains*,
Far to the South, the PERI lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile.†
Thence over EGYPT's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings‡,
The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;

* "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise." —*Bruce.*

"Sometimes called," says *Jackson*, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the white or lunar coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

† "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant." —*Asiat. Research.* vol. i. p. 387.

‡ See Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots, covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale*—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.†
'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this nigh
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in Heav'n's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds‡;—
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake;—

* "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-
—*Sonnini.*

† Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

‡ "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly r
like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."
fard el Hadad.

Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
  Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam,)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana* sitting
  Upon a column, motionless
And glittering like an Idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!

* "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—*Sonnini.*

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And, oh! to see the' unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps —
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyæna stalks*
Throughout the city's desolate walks†
At midnight, and his carnage plies: —
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes‡
Amid the darkness of the streets!

* Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries," &c.

† "Gondar was full of hyænas from the time it turned dark, till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." — *Bruce.*

‡ *Bruce.*

" Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
" Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
" Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
" But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly Spirits weep for man!
Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.
One who in life where'er he mov'd,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.

No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard; —
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death —
That she, whom he for years had known,
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath, —
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see — who yonder comes by stealth*,
This melancholy bower to seek,

* This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry;

Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she — far off, through moonlight dim
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside! —
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields — now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone —
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.

— by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

" Oh! let me only breathe the air,
" The blessed air, that's breath'd by thee,
" And, whether on its wings it bear
" Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
" There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—
" Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
" And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
" To give thy brow one minute's calm.
" Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
" Am I not thine—thy own lov'd bride—
" The one, the chosen one, whose place
" In life or death is by thy side?
" Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
" In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
" Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
" That must be hers when thou art gone?
" That I can live, and let thee go,
" Who art my life itself?—No, no—
" When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
" Out of its heart must perish too!
" Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
" Before, like thee, I fade and burn;
" Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
" The last pure life that lingers there!"

She fails — she sinks — as dies the lamp
In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle — and his pain is past —
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast —
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
"In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
"The' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
"Who sings at the last his own death-lay *,
"And in music and perfume dies away!"

* "In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself." — *Richardson.*

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd,
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;
While that benevolent PERI beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would wak

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells;

And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take! *

But, ah! even PERIS' hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
The' immortal barrier clos'd—"Not yet,"
The Angel said as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
"Written in light o'er ALLA's head,
"By seraph eyes shall long be read.
"But, PERI, see—the crystal bar
"Of Eden moves not—holier far
"Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
"That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses†
Softly the light of Eve reposes,

* "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—From *Chateaubriand*'s Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

† Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a

And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all the' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls*
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,

beautiful and delicate species of rose, for which that country has been always famous; — hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

* "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them." — *Bruce.*

With their rich restless wings that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm West, — as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed*, with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE†,
Banquetting through the flowery vales;
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales.‡

But nought can charm the luckless PERI;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the Sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own§,

* "The Syrinx or Pan's pipe is still a pastoral instrument in Syria." — *Russel.*

† "Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm lxxxi.), '*honey out of the stony rock.*'" — *Burder*'s Oriental Customs.

‡ "The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together." — *Thevenot.*

§ The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
  Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
  Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
  Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
  With the great name of SOLOMON,
  Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
  An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
  Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
  Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
  Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
  As rosy and as wild as they;

Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue-damsel flies*,
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount†
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
In which the PERI's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;

* "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels." — *Sonnini.*

† Imaret, "hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pélerins pendant trois jours." — *Toderini, translated by the Abbé de Cournand.* — See also *Castellan*'s Mœurs des Othomans, tom. v. p. 145.

The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,

And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels*, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the' eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.

* "Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *Ghell gohnum ghell*, or Come, dear, follow me." — *Aaron Hill's* Travels.

Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
"When, young and haply pure as thou,
"I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

" There's a drop," said the PERI, " that down from
the moon
" Falls through the withering airs of June
" Upon EGYPT's land*, of so healing a power,
" So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
" That drop descends, contagion dies,
" And health re-animates earth and skies!—
" Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
" The precious tears of repentance fall?
" Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
" One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,

* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the' enraptur'd PERI knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
"Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
"To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
"Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM*,
"And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!

"Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die
"Passing away like a lover's sigh;—

* The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

"My feast is now of the Tooba Tree*,
"Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
"In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief;—
"Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
"To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA's throne†,
"Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
"Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

* The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sale's Prelim. Disc.* — Tooba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

† Mahomet is described, in the 53d chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, says the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

"AND this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FADLADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be over-run by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand Streams of Basra.* They who succeeded in this style

* "It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Pelal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams." —*Ebn Haukal.*

rved chastisement for their very success; s warriors have been punished, even after ing a victory, because they had taken the rty of gaining it in an irregular or unesta- ied manner. What, then, was to be said hose who failed? to those who presumed, ı the present lamentable instance, to imitate license and ease of the bolder sons of song, iout any of that grace or vigour which gave gnity even to negligence;—who, like them, g the jereed* carelessly, but not, like them, he mark;—"and who," said he, raising his e to excite a proper degree of wakefulness iis hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and ıtrained in the midst of all the latitude they w themselves, like one of those young ans that dance before the Princess, who ngenious enough to move as if her limbs e fettered, in a pair of the lightest and est drawers of Masulipatam!"

The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise. *Castellan, Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii. p. 161.

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies, — a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand" he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous, — puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital* for Sick Insects should undertake."

* "This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all

ain did LALLA ROOKH try to soften this
ble critic; in vain did she resort to her
oquent common-places,—reminding him
oets were a timid and sensitive race,
sweetness was not to be drawn forth,
it of the fragrant grass near the Ganges,
hing and trampling upon them*;—that
r often extinguished every chance of the
ion which it demanded; and that, after
rfection was like the Mountain of the
an,—no one had ever yet reached its
.† Neither these gentle axioms, nor

animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through
cident. On my arrival, there were presented to my
ny horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in
dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw
to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for
many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the
ds and insects."— *Parsons*'s Travels.

id that all animals know the Banyans, that the most
proach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them
ther people. — See *Grandpré*.

very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges,
idwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and
when crushed, a strong odour."—*Sir W. Jones* on the
d of the Ancients.

ear this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the

the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN's eyebrows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement, or even toleration, of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of FADLADEEN: —he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal was the same, too, in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death appeared to share equal honours with Heaven, would have

Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit."— *Kinneir.*

fully affected the heart and imagination
LLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth
ɔt taken entire possession of her already.
ras here met by messengers, despatched
Cashmere, who informed her that the
had arrived in the Valley, and was him-
ıperintending the sumptuous preparations
ere then making in the Saloons of the
nar for her reception. The chill she felt on
ing this intelligence,—which to a bride
heart was free and light would have
ht only images of affection and pleasure,—
ıced her that her peace was gone for ever,
hat she was in love, irretrievably in love,
oung FERAMORZ. The veil had fallen off
ich this passion at first disguises itself, and
ɔw that she loved was now as painful as to
without knowing it had been delicious.
MORZ, too,—what misery would be his,
sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently
ɛd them should have stolen into his heart
ame fatal fascination as into hers;—if,

notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all had tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!* She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only endeavour to forget the short dream of happiness she had

* "The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them."—*P. Vanslebe, Relat. d'Egypte.*

enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!*

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people; while the artisans, in chariots† adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made

* See *Sale's Koran*, note, vol. ii. p. 484.

† Oriental Tales.

the city altogether like a place of enchantment; —particularly on the day when LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers *, and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—FADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled,

* Ferishta. "Or rather," says *Scott*, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coins, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees*, at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

* The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side. This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says *Bernier*, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below.

Who, that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which thes words were uttered, went to Lalla Rookh' heart;—and, as she reluctantly rode on, sh could not help feeling it to be a sad but sti

sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra, — that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.* In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus†; while at a distance stood

* The Baya, or Indian Gross-beak. — *Sir W. Jones.*

† "Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen." — *Mrs. Graham*'s Journal of a Residence in India.

the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was

about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very few minutes, made his appearance before them — looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH's eyes, that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors *, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these ori-

* " On les voit persécutés par les Khalifes se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman : plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine ; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi." — *M. Anquetil*, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 346.

ginal natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou*, when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers†, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever

* The "Ager ardens" described by *Kempfer*, *Amœnitat. Exot.*

† "Cashmere (says its historians) had its own princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situated as it is within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef-Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs." — *Pennant.*

ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLADEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"* —while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse;—he had never before looked half so animated; and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought,

* Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy, "Les Guebres," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists. I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

like the talismanic characters on the scimitar
Solomon. Her consent was therefore m
readily granted; and while FADLADEEN sat
unspeakable dismay, expecting treason a
abomination in every line, the poet thus beg
his story of the Fire-worshippers:—

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea *;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beauteously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's † walls,
And through her Emir's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel ‡,
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell; —
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest.
All hush'd — there's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.

* The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

† The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

‡ A Moorish instrument of music.

If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven;—
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome *
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on Iran's † name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike
Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike;—
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their directest path to heaven;—
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,

* "At Gombaroon and other places in Persia, they ha towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling t houses." — *Le Bruyn.*

† "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia — *Asiat. Res. Disc. 5.*

To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword *;—
Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just ALLA! what must be thy look,
When such a wretch before thee stands
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust, and hate, and crime;—
Ev'n as those bees of TREBIZOND,
Which, from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad. †

Never did fierce ARABIA send
A satrap forth more direly great;

* "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed."— *Russel.*

† "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."— *Tournefort.*

Never was IRAN doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fall'n — her pride was crush'd
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
In their own land, — no more their own, —
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where MITHRA once had burn'd,
To Moslem shrines — oh shame! — were turn'd
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.
Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance; — hearts that yet —
Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays
They've treasur'd from the sun that's set, —
Beam all the light of long-lost days!
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray.

Sleep on — for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine;
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power; —
None but the loving and the lov'd
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see — where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands; — where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king*,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild, —
'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race; —
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain! †

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight

* "Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty." — *Hanway.*

† "The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East." — *Richardson.*

Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye, —
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.
So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er! —
Like those who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer-eves, through YEMEN'S * dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils; —
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,

* Arabia Felix.

Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower*,
Before their mirrors count the time †,
And grow still lovelier every hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
In ARABY's gay Haram smil'd,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

* "In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall; large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures." — *Lady M. W. Montagu.*

† The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," says *Shaw*, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when after the drudgery of the day they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water."— *Travels.*

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents: —

"'He with salute of deference due,
A lotus to his forehead prest;
She rais'd her mirror to his view,
Then turn'd it inward to her breast.'"

Asiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness; —
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze*; —
Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this:
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthl
feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealin
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

* "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blin — *Ahmed ben Abdalaziz*, Treatise on Jewels.

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
And beating heart,—she us'd to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height!—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night-air,
After the day-beam's withering fire*,
He built her bower of freshness there,
And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair:—

* "At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water." *Marco Polo.*

Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
  Nor wake to learn what Love can dare;—
Love, all-defying Love, who sees
No charm in trophies won with ease;—
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!
Bolder than they, who dare not dive
  For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
  Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water.
Yes — ARABY's unrivall'd daughter,
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
  There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
Would climb the' untrodden solitude
  Of ARARAT's tremendous peak*,

* This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible. *Struy* says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds, that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold, and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm." — It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it, they say, exists there still, which Struy thus gravely accounts for: — "Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten."

And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
Heav'n's pathways, if to thee they led!
Ev'n now thou seest the flashing spray,
That lights his oar's impatient way;—
Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
As if to lift him from below!
Like her to whom, at dead of night,
The bridegroom, with his locks of light*,
Came, in the flush of love and pride,
And scal'd the terrace of his bride;—
When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway up in danger cling,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love, there!"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
The hero ZAL in that fond hour,

—See *Carreri*'s Travels, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

* In one of the books of the Shâh Nâmeh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair,) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent;—he, however, manages it in a less romantic way by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—See *Champion's Ferdosi*.

Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
Now climbs the rocks to HINDA's bower.
See—light as up their granite steeps
The rock-goats of ARABIA clamber*,
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
And now is in the maiden's chamber.
She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
Some beauteous bird without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in the' undiscover'd seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wing away!
Will *he* thus fly — her nameless lover?
ALLA forbid! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over
Some ditty to her soft Kanoon†,
Alone, at this same witching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes

* "On the lofty hills of Arabia Petræa are rock-goat *Niebuhr.*

† "Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boy les dames en touchent dans le serrail, avec des décailles a de pointes de cooc." — *Toderini, translated by De Courna*

Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay!
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:
And—though, when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
Before her in obeisance cast,—
Yet often since, when he hath spoke
Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallow'd child of air,
Some erring Spirit cast from heaven,
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he
Who woos thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire

As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day-God's living fire.

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow;
Never before, but in her dreams,
Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;
Visions, that will not be forgot,
But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been.

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood —
"How sweetly does the moon-beam smile
"To-night upon yon leafy isle!
"Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
"I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
"And we, within its fairy bowers,
"Were wafted off to seas unknown,

" Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
" And we might live, love, die alone!
" Far from the cruel and the cold, —
" Where the bright eyes of angels only
" Should come around us, to behold
" A paradise so pure and lonely.
" Would this be world enough for thee?" —
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
" Yes, yes," she cried, " my hourly fears,
" My dreams have boded all too right —
" We part — for ever part — to-night!
" I knew, I knew it *could* not last —
" 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
" Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
" I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
" I never loved a tree or flower,
" But 'twas the first to fade away.
" I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
" To glad me with its soft black eye,

" But when it came to know me well,
" And love me, it was sure to die!
" Now too — the joy most like divine
" Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
" To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —
" Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?
" Yet go — on peril's brink we meet; —
" Those frightful rocks — that treacherous s
" No, never come again — though sweet,
" Though heaven, it may be death to thee
" Farewell — and blessings on thy way,
" Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!
" Better to sit and watch that ray,
" And think thee safe, though far away,
" Than have thee near me, and in danger

" Danger! — oh, tempt me not to boast —"
The youth exclaim'd — " thou little know'st
" What he can brave, who, born and nurst
" In Danger's paths, has dar'd her worst;
" Upon whose ear the signal-word
" Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
" Who sleeps with head upon the sword
" His fever'd hand must grasp in waking.

" Danger!—"

" Say on—thou fear'st not then,
" And we may meet—oft meet again?"

" Oh! look not so—beneath the skies
" I now fear nothing but those eyes.
" If aught on earth could charm or force
" My spirit from its destin'd course,—
" If aught could make this soul forget
" The bond to which its seal is set,
" 'Twould be those eyes;—they, only they,
" Could melt that sacred seal away!
" But no—'tis fix'd—*my* awful doom
" Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
" We meet no more;—why, why did Heaven
" Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
" Has rent asunder wide as ours?
" Oh, Arab maid, as soon the Powers
" Of Light and Darkness may combine,
" As I be link'd with thee or thine!
" Thy Father——"

" Holy ALLA save
" His grey head from that lightning glance!

" Thou know'st him not—he loves the br
" Nor lives there under heaven's expans
" One who would prize, would worship th
" And thy bold spirit, more than he.
" Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
" With the bright falchion by his side,
" I've heard him swear his lisping maid
" In time should be a warrior's bride.
" And still, whene'er at Haram hours,
" I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
" He tells me, when in playful mood,
" A hero shall my bridegroom be,
" Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
" And won with shouts of victory!
" Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
" Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
" Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know's
" The' unholy strife these Persians wage
" Good Heav'n, that frown!—even now
glow'st
" With more than mortal warrior's rage.
" Haste to the camp by morning's light,
" And, when that sword is rais'd in fight,

" Oh still remember, Love and I
" Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
" One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
" Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
" Abhors——"
" Hold, hold—thy words are death—"
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung.*—
" Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
" All that thy sire abhors in me!
" Yes—*I* am of that impious race,
" Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
" Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
" Among the living lights of heaven†:

* " They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it." —*Grose*'s Voyage. — " Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose; mais, ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portoit comme Ghebr," &c. &c. — *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani. " Pour se distinguer des Idolatres de l'Inde, les Guebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau." — *Encyclopédie Françoise.*

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

† " They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary."—*Hanway.* " As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that

" Yes—*I* am of that outcast few,
" To IRAN and to vengeance true,
" Who curse the hour your Arabs came
" To desolate our shrines of flame,
" And swear, before God's burning eye,
" To break our country's chains, or die!
" Thy bigot sire,—nay, tremble not,—
" He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
" With me is sacred as the spot
" From which our fires of worship rise!
" But know—'twas he I sought that night,
" When, from my watch-boat on the sea,

globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mythras, or M which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omni But they are so far from confounding the subordinatio Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they n attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passiv instrument, directed and governed by the immediate im on it of the will of God; but they do not even give t minary, all-glorious as it is, more than the secon amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendo duction of divine power, the mind of man."— *Grose* false charges brought against the religion of these pe their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many truth of this writer's remark, that " calumny is often a oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

" I caught this turret's glimmering light,
" And up the rude rocks desperately
" Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
" I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
" And found a trembling dove within;—
" Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
" If Love hath made one thought his own,
" That Vengeance claims first—last—alone!
" Oh! had we never, never met,
" Or could this heart ev'n now forget
" How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
" Had fate not frown'd so dark between!
" Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
" In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
" Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
" At the same kindling altar knelt,—
" Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
" In which the charm of Country lies,
" Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
" Till IRAN's cause and thine were one;
" While in thy lute's awakening sigh
" I heard the voice of days gone by,
" And saw, in every smile of thine,
" Returning hours of glory shine;—

" While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
" Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs throu thee,—
" God! who could then this sword withstand?
" Its very flash were victory!
" But now—estrang'd, divorc'd for ever,
" Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
" Our only ties what love has wove,—
" In faith, friends, country, sunder'd wide;
" And then, then only, true to love,
" When false to all that's dear beside!
" Thy father IRAN's deadliest foe—
" Thyself, perhaps, ev'n now—but no—
" Hate never look'd so lovely yet!
" No—sacred to thy soul will be
" The land of him who could forget
" All but that bleeding land for thee.
" When other eyes shall see, unmov'd,
" Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
" Thou'lt think how well one Gheber lov'd,
" And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!
" But look——"
With sudden start he turn'd
And pointed to the distant wave,

Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
  Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;
And fiery darts, at intervals*,
  Flew up all sparkling from the main,
As if each star that nightly falls,
  Were shooting back to heaven again.

"My signal lights!—I must away—
"Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
"Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—
"Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!"
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.
While pale and mute young HINDA stood,
Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe;—

* "The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars."—*Baumgarten.*

Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
" I come—I come—if in that tide
" Thou sleep'st to-night, I'll sleep there too,
" In death's cold wedlock, by thy side.
" Oh! I would ask no happier bed
" Than the chill wave my love lies under:-
" Sweeter to rest together dead,
" Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"
But no—their hour is not yet come—
Again she sees his pinnace fly,
Wafting him fleetly to his home,
Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind!

THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for, whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.*

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country; — through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo

* "Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice." — *Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzein, by W. Hunter, Esq.*

staff*, with the white flag at its top,
the traveller that, in that very spot,
had made some human creature his vi
was, therefore, with much pleasure
arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely
encamped under one of those holy tre
smooth columns and spreading roofs
destine them for natural temples of
Beneath this spacious shade, some pi
had erected a row of pillars ornamente
most beautiful porcelain†, which now

* "It is usual to place a small white triangul
to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the
a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for th
also to throw each a stone or brick near the spo
the course of a little time a pile equal to a good
is collected. The sight of these flags and pil
imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altoge
apprehension." — *Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

† "The Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tr
of Councils; the first, from the idols placed unde
the second, because meetings were held und
branches. In some places it is believed to be t
spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales
fairies; in others are erected beneath the shac
stone, or posts, elegantly carved, and ornament
most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of
Pennant.

the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story: —

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea* palely shines,
Revealing BAHREIN'S† groves of palm,
And lighting KISHMA'S† amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round SELAMA'S‡ sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
Had tow'rd that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the Genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!

* The Persian Gulf. — "To dive for pearls in the Sea, or Persian Gulf." — *Sir W. Jones.*

† Islands in the Gulf.

‡ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at t trance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious vo — *Morier.*

The nightingale now bends her flight*
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar†
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign.

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!

* "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night." — *Russel's* Aleppo.

† In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, "The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere
When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—
When, from the banks of BENDEMEER
To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND,
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
Who, on CADESSIA's* bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From IRAN's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates†,
Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains:
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own belov'd, but blighted, sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—

* The place where the Persians were finally defeat the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

† Derbend.—"Les Turcs appellent cette ville I Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anc —*D'Herbelot.*

Oh, he would rather houseless roam
Where Freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!

Is IRAN's pride then gone for ever,
Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA's caves? —
No — she has sons, that never — never —
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has graves; —
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like ZEILAN's giant palm*,
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!

* The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon." — *Thunberg.*

Yes, EMIR! he, who scal'd that tower,
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power
How safe ev'n tyrant heads may rest—
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
Ev'n for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty!
Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons si
Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot Prince,
Have swarm'd among these Green Sea cra
Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred band
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown;
Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—
Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again;—
But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthron'd in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

And who is he, that wields the might
Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light*
The eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink?

* "When the bright cimitars make the eyes of our heroes wink."— *The Moallakat, Poem of Amru.*

Who comes, embower'd in the spears
Of KERMAN's hardy mountaineers? —
Those mountaineers that truest, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God, whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleam on IRAN's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!

'Tis HAFED — name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm! —
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
'Tis HAFED, most accurs'd and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire;
Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,

Sprung from those old, enchanted kings*,
Who in their fairy helms, of yore
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales, that won belief,
And such the colouring Fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
For happy homes and altars free,—
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word, Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine

* Tahmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

Names, that have sanctified their blood;
As LEBANON'S small mountain-flood
Is render'd holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks.*
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny;
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though fram'd for IRAN'S happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—

* This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause signed for its name of Holy. "In these are deep cav which formerly served as so many cells for a great numb recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witn upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tea these pious penitents gave the river of which we have treated the name of the Holy River." — See *Chateaubri* Beauties of Christianity.

No—far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul like drops of flame;
And, as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcom'd he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour—vain the flower
Of KERMAN, in that deathful hour,
Against AL HASSAN's whelming power.—
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way—
In vain—for every lance they rais'd,
Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd;
For every arm that lin'd their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust cloud.

There stood — but one short league away
From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay —
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of OMAN beetling awfully*;
A last and solitary link
Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,
As if to guard the Gulf across;
While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,
A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high
That oft the sleeping albatross†

* This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupe chain," of which I suppose it a link, does not extend qu far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyri now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish em It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gul almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomberoon (mozia) seems once more to rise in the southern distr Kerman, and following an easterly course through the of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the d of Sinde." — *Kinnier*'s Persian Empire.

† These birds sleep in the air. They are most co about the Cape of Good Hope.

Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!
Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.*

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,

* "There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it." — *Pottinger's* Beloochistan.

Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between:
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came,
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For, each ravine, each rocky spire
Of that vast mountain stood on fire*;
And, though for ever past the days
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on†,

* The Ghebers generally built their temples over subte raneous fires.

† "At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguish by the appellation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seat of Religio the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fi Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it sin

Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led
His little army's last remains;—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
"Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains!"
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
To him and to his Chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers,—
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours;—
"Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
"Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
"Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
"To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
"Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
"Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
"Here—happy that no tyrant's eye
"Gloats on our torments—we may die!"—

the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man." — *Pottinger*'s Beloochistan.

'Twas night when to those towers they cam
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruin'd altar broke,
Glared on his features, as he spoke: —
" 'Tis o'er — what men could do, we've don
" If IRAN *will* look tamely on,
" And see her priests, her warriors driven
" Before a sensual bigot's nod,
" A wretch who shrines his lusts in heaven,
" And makes a pander of his God;
" If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
" Men, in whose veins — oh last disgrace
" The blood of ZAL and RUSTAM* rolls, —
" If they *will* court this upstart race,
" And turn from MITHRA's ancient ray,
" To kneel at shrines of yesterday;
" If they *will* crouch to IRAN's foes,
" Why, let them — till the land's despair
" Cries out to Heav'n, and bondage grows
" Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear!

* Ancient heroes of Persia. " Among the Guebres are some, who boast their descent from Rustam." — *St Persia.*

" Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
" Their inmost core, and conscience turns
" Each coward tear the slave lets fall
" Back on his heart in drops of gall.
" But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
" And souls that thraldrom never stain'd;—
" This spot, at least, no foot of slave
" Or satrap ever yet profaned;
" And though but few— though fast the wave
" Of life is ebbing from our veins,
" Enough for vengeance still remains.
" As panthers, after set of sun,
" Rush from the roots of LEBANON
" Across the dark-sea robber's way*,
" We'll bound upon our startled prey;
" And when some hearts that proudest swell
" Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
" When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
" And ev'n Despair can prompt no more,
" This spot shall be the sacred grave
" Of the last few who, vainly brave,
" Die for the land they cannot save!"

* See Russel's account of the panther's attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

His Chiefs stood round—each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the Mighty sate;
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering Spirits of their Dead*;
Though neither priest nor rites were there,
Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate†;
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet‡;

* "Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves." — *Richardson.*

† In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

‡ "Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun." — *Rabbi Benjamin.*

Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires
They swore* the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
Should be, in IRAN's injur'd name,
To die upon that Mount of Flame —
The last of all her patriot line,
Before her last untrampled Shrine!

Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
Whom love first touch'd with others' woe —
Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.
Once, EMIR! thy unheeding child,
Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd, —
Tranquil as on some battle plain
The Persian lily shines and towers†,

* "Nul d'entre eux oseroit se perjurer, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur." — *Encyclopédie Françoise.*

† "A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the

Before the combat's reddening stain
Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.
Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,
While Heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd
Once at thy evening tales of blood
Unlistening and aloof she stood—
And oft, when thou hast pac'd along
Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,
That came across thee, calm and sweet,
Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear!

Far other feelings Love hath brought—
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness
She now has but the one dear thought,
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness
Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words—"for *my* sake weep for all;"
And bitterly, as day on day
Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,

ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a res dent yellow colour." — *Russel*'s Aleppo.

She weeps a lover snatch'd away
  In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
There's not a sabre meets her eye,
  But with his life-blood seems to swim;
There's not an arrow wings the sky,
  But fancy turns its point to him.
No more she brings with footstep light
Al Hassan's falchion for the fight;
And—had he look'd with clearer sight,
Had not the mists, that ever rise
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—
He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
When from the field of blood he came,
The faltering speech—the look estrang'd—
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd—
He would have mark'd all this, and known
Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the Love, that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
  In friendship's smile and home's caress,

Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness!
No, HINDA, no,—thy fatal flame
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame;—
A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
Some idol, without shrine or name,
O'er which its pale-ey'd votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep.

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN's sea,
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light oar rapidly
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
And still she goes, at midnight hour,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep;—
But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw his bark again.
The owlet's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,

And oft the hateful carrion bird,
Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
Which reek'd with that day's banquetting—
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—AL HASSAN'S brow
Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
What mighty mischief glads him now,
Who never smiles but to destroy?
The sparkle upon HERKEND'S Sea,
When toss'd at midnight furiously*,
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
More surely than that smiling eye!
"Up, daughter, up—the KERNA'S† breath
"Has blown a blast would waken death,
"And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
"This blessed day for Heaven and me,
"A day more rich in Pagan blood
"Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN'S flood.

* "It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire." —*Travels of Two Mohammedans.*

† A kind of trumpet; — it "was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles." — *Richardson.*

" Before another dawn shall shine,
" His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;
" This very night his blood shall steep
" These hands all over ere I sleep!"—

" *His* blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind
Still singling *one* from all mankind—
" Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
" HAFED, my child, this night is ours.
" Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
" Without whose aid the links accurst,
" That bind these impious slaves, would be
" Too strong for ALLA's self to burst!
" That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
" My path with piles of Moslem dead,
" Whose baffling spells had almost driven
" Back from their course the Swords of Heave
" This night, with all his band shall know
" How deep an Arab's steel can go,
" When God and Vengeance speed the blow.
" And—Prophet! by that holy wreath
" Thou wor'st on OHOD's field of death*,

* " Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exter one; the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fil

" I swear, for every sob that parts
" In anguish from these heathen hearts,
" A gem from PERSIA's plunder'd mines
" Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.
" But, ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
" Those livid lips—my child, my child,
" This life of blood befits not thee,
" And thou must back to ARABY.
" Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
" In scenes that man himself might dread,
" Had I not hop'd our every tread
" Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
" Curst race, they offer swords instead!
" But cheer thee, maid,— the wind that now
" Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
" To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
" And, e'er a drop of this night's gore
" Have time to chill in yonder towers,
" Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

His bloody boast was all too true;
There lurk'd one wretch among the few

wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod." — *Universal History.*

Whom HAFED's eagle eye could count
Around him on that Fiery Mount,—
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
The pathway through the valley's shade
To those high towers, where Freedom stood
In her last hold of flame and blood.
Left on the field last dreadful night,
When, sallying from their Sacred height,
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
He lay—but died not with the brave;
That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
And, while the few, who thence return'd
To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd
For him among the matchless dead
They left behind on glory's bed,
He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!

May Life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim, —
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips! *
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame

* "They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes." — *Thevenot.* The same is asserted of the oranges there; v. *Witman*'s Travels in Asiatic Turkey.

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water." — *Klaproth*'s Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813. *Hasselquist*, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of Childe Harold, — magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written.

On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh*,
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

* "The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake." — *Pottinger.*

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing." — *Koran*, chap. 24.

LALLA ROOKH had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over.* She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water†, enjoy a perpetual summer in

* "A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name." — "The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month." — *Le Bruyn.*

† "The Biajús are of two races: the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as

wandering from isle to isle, when s
a small gilded bark approaching her.
like one of those boats which the M
islanders send adrift, at the mercy of wi
waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, a
riferous wood, as an offering to the Spir
they call King of the Sea. At first, tl
bark appeared to be empty, but, on
nearer ——

She had proceeded thus far in rela
dream to her Ladies, when FERAMORZ a
at the door of the pavilion. In his p
of course, every thing else was forgot
the continuance of the story was insta
quested by all. Fresh wood of aloes

an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds*; and sometin
offerings are made to the spirit whom they term *t*
the Sea. In like manner the Biajús perform their
the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded w
sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagi
on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as fir
with it." — *Dr. Leyden* on the Languages and Lit
the Indo-Chinese Nations.

to burn in the cassolets; — the violet sherbets* were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava†, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued: —

* "The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar." — *Hasselquist.*

"The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drank by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar." — *Tavernier.*

† "Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers." — *Persian Tales.*

THE day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy.
There's not a cloud in that blue plain
  But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
  Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent
  The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,
  Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for ORMUS' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;

The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land;—upon the beach
The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;—
And all was boding, drear, and dark
As her own soul, when HINDA's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore.—
No music tim'd her parting oar*,
Nor friends upon the lessening strand
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.†
And where was stern AL HASSAN then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men

* "The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music." — *Harmer.*

† "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean." — *Richardson.*

From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood,—
With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture snuffs his food
In the still warm and living breath!*
While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—
As a young bird of BABYLON†,
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
The flowers she nurs'd—the well-known grove
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—

* "I have been told that whensoever an animal falls do dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appe — *Pennant.*

† "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, Babylonian pigeon." — *Travels of certain Englishmen.*

Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her birds' new plumage to behold,
And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filleted with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount*;
Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary†
In her own sweet acacia bower.—
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No,—silent, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom

* "The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them."— *Harris.*

† "Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agathe, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière precieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres."— *Toderini.*

As a pale Angel of the Grave;
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!
" Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
" So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now?
" Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
" The' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear
" Still glorious—still to this fond heart
" Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
" Yes—ALLA, dreadful ALLA! yes—
" If there be wrong, be crime in this,
" Let the black waves that round us roll,
" Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
" Forgetting faith—home—father—all—
" Before its earthly idol fall,
" Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him—
" For, oh, so wildly do I love him,
" Thy Paradise itself were dim
" And joyless, if not shar'd with him!"
Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;

And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd, — though wandering earthward now, —
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes — for a spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heeded not
The rising storm — the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd —
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head —
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky. —
But, hark! — that war-whoop on the deck —
That crash, as if each engine there,
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
Mid yells and stampings of despair!

Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be?
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
The ship has shudder'd as she rode
O'er mountain-waves—"Forgive me, God!
"Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and knelt,
Trembling all over—for she felt
As if her judgment-hour was near;
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,
The deck falls in—what horrors then!
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm,—
Some wretches in their dying spasm
Still fighting on—and some that call
"For GOD and IRAN!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of the' infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death?

She knew not—for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hour
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower.
But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her ere her senses fled!
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above—
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands*—as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—
'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
While yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught

* The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul,—even then,
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow-men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The Star of Egypt*, whose proud light
Never hath beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West†,
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put Heav'n's cloudier eyes to shame.
But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
A fantasy—and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,

* "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates." — *Brown.*

† See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.

Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!—
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem*
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,

* A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients, Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages, supposes it to be the opal.

And waft no other breath than theirs:
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world, when HINDA woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from HARMOZIA's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,—
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.

But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around — there lay
A group of warriors in the sun,
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest ALLA! who shall save her now?
There's not in all that warrior band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own Faithful Moslem land.
Their garb — the leathern belt* that wraps
Each yellow vest† — that rebel hue —

* *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani.

† "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes." — *Thevenot.*

The Tartar fleece upon their caps*—
Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to HAFED's power;—
HAFED, the Gheber!—at the thought
Her very heart's blood chills within;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God!
And she is now his captive,—thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies!
What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like light'ning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd

* "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is m
the skin of the sheep of Tartary."—*Waring.*

Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,
The vision that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion,
The oars are out, and with light sound
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees,
Their course is tow'rd that mountain-hold,—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous fold!
Amid the' illumin'd land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;

Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow;
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves,
That from the Deep in windings pass
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass;—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands!—
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal Porch
Through which departed spirits go:—

Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch
  Its flickering light could further throw
  Than the thick flood that boil'd below.
Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave!

But soft—they pause—the current turns
  Beneath them from its onward track;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
  The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oars' redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling force;
When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then, a day-beam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid

Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine!—genial Day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.
Ev'n HINDA, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steepy labyrinth led

Through damp and gloom — 'mid crash of boughs,
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard, from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way!
The jackal's cry — the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone —
And that eternal saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark Profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful — ev'n to see,
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings;
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then

Come from the gloom, low whispering nea
" Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
She *does* not dream — all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, " Thy Gheber's her
'Twas his own voice — she could not err —
Throughout the breathing world's exten
There was but *one* such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh, sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil*,
Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!

Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
Hath power to make ev'n ruin dear, —
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.

* A frequent image among the oriental poets. nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent veils of the rose-bud and the rose." — *Jami.*

How shall the ruthless HAFED brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,
On her—a maid of ARABY—
A Moslem maid—the child of him,
  Whose bloody banner's dire success
Hath left their altars cold and dim,
  And their fair land a wilderness!
And, worse than all, that night of blood
  Which comes so fast—Oh! who shall stay
The sword, that once hath tasted food
  Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
"Save him this night—and if thine eyes
  "Have ever welcom'd with delight
"The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
  "Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
"And here, before thy throne, I swear
"From my heart's inmost core to tear
  "Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
"Link'd with each quivering life-string there,

" And give it bleeding all to Thee!
" Let him but live,—the burning tear,
" The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
" Which have been all too much his own,
" Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
" Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
" In long and painful pilgrimage,
" Shall leave no traces of the flame
" That wastes me now—nor shall his name
" Ere bless my lips, but when I pray
" For his dear spirit, that away
" Casting from its angelic ray
" The' eclipse of earth, he, too, may shine
" Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
" Think—think what victory to win
" One radiant soul like his from sin,—
" One wandering star of virtue back
" To its own native, heaven-ward track!
" Let him but live, and both are Thine,
" Together thine—for, blest or crost,
" Living or dead, his doom is mine,
" And, if *he* perish, both are lost!"

THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind; — much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.*

FADLADEEN, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heterodox poem, seemed at

* "Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a durable colour to silk." — *Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower. — *Sir W. Jones.* The Persians call it Gul. — *Carreri.*

length to have made up his mind to the ini
tion; and took his seat this evening with
the patience of a martyr, while the Poet
sumed his profane and seditious story as f
lows: —

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves*,

* "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers." — *Ebn Haukal.*

Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream:
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those PERI isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On HINDA's dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And, pale and aw'd as those who waken
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave* appear,—
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
And saw those towers all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying ev'n the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.

* The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, w called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of thodox Mahometans" given by Ockley, vol. ii.

In vain with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.
And oh, the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
When voices from without proclaim
"HAFED, the Chief"—and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name!
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare
Not YEMEN's boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night.*
How shall she bear that voice's tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd like some vast caravan,

* "The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night." — *Richardson.*

When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell.

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now:
And shuddering as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band.—
Never was pause so full of dread;
Till HAFED with a trembling hand
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
"HINDA;"—that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
From her full bosom, told the rest.—
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,
To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,
HAFED, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances bligh
Is her own loved Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smil'd

In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believ'd her bower had given
Rest to some wanderer from heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—
  Or, like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
  Sweetening the very edge of doom!
The past—the future—all that Fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

Ev'n he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves!—
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
  To see the last, long struggling breath

Of Liberty's great soul depart,
  Then lay him down and share her death-
Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,
  With doom still darker gathering o'er hin
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,
  In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was lov'd—well, warmly lov'd—
Oh! in this precious hour he prov'd
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She, too, while gazing on those eyes
  That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
  Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
The mighty Ruins where they stood,
  Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,

Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,
  Where lightly o'er the illumin'd surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay
Now bounded on, and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star
Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,
Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if, to grace the gorgeous West,
  The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest
  Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love!
Beneath them waves of crystal move
In silent swell—Heav'n glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like Heav'n.

But ah! too soon that dream is past—
  Again, again her fear returns;—

Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea hath died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts—then wildly cries
"*At night*, he said—and, look, 'tis near—
"Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—
"Soon will his murderous band be here,
"And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
"Hush! heard'st thou not the tramp of m
"Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
"Perhaps ev'n now they climb the wood—
"Fly, fly—though still the West is brig
"He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blo
"I know him—he'll not wait for night!

In terrors ev'n to agony
She clings around the wondering Chief;
"Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
"Thou ow'st this raving trance of grief.
"Lost as I am, nought ever grew
"Beneath my shade but perish'd too—

" My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
" And nothing lives that enters there!
" Why were our barks together driven
" Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
" Why, when I saw the prize that chance
" Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
" When, casting but a single glance
" Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
" I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
" Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
" To meet the' unmanning sight no more—
" Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
" Why weakly, madly met thee now?—
" Start not—that noise is but the shock
" Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
" Dread nothing here—upon this rock
" We stand above the jarring world,
" Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
" In gloomy safety, like the Dead!
" Or, could ev'n earth and hell unite
" In league to storm this Sacred Height,
" Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,
" And each o'erlooking star that dwells
" Near God will be thy sentinels;—

"And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
"Back to thy sire——"
"To-morrow!—n
The maiden scream'd—"thou'lt never see
"To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
"The night-cry through each reeking tow
"Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
"Thou art betray'd—some wretch who kn
"That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
"Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
"Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;
"This morning, with that smile so dire
"He wears in joy, he told me all,
"And stamp'd in triumph through our hall
"As though thy heart already beat
"Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
"Good Heav'n, how little dream'd I then
"His victim was my own lov'd youth!—
"Fly—send—let some one watch the glen
"By all my hopes of heaven 'tis truth!"

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,

Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had froz'n his blood,
So maz'd and motionless was he;—
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant
Of the still Halls of ISHMONIE!*

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
And his great soul, herself once more,
Look'd from his brow in all the rays
Of her best, happiest, grandest days.
Never, in moment most elate,
Did that high spirit loftier rise;—
While bright, serene, determinate,
His looks are lifted to the skies,
As if the signal lights of Fate
Were shining in those awful eyes!
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
In IRAN's sacred cause is come;

* For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c. to be seen to this day, see *Perry's View* of the Levant.

And, though his life hath pass'd away
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
  Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back
  With proud regret,—and by its light
  Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on the' oppressor's crimes.
This rock, his monument aloft,
  Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And hither bards and heroes oft
  Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wondering boys where HAFED fell;
And swear them on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
Never—while breath of life shall live
Within them—never to forgive
The' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
Hath left on IRAN's neck a stain
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthrone themselves on HAFED's brow;

And ne'er did Saint of Issa* gaze
On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,
More proudly than the youth surveys
That pile, which through the gloom behind,
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers — his destin'd funeral pyre!
Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er—
The few, to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread,
When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!†

* Jesus.

† The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed." — *Tavernier.*

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion Prusæus*, Orat. 36., that the love of wisdom and virtue

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
What plans he now? what thinks or dream
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When every moment teems with fear?
"HAFED, my own beloved Lord,"
She kneeling cries—"first, last ador'd!
"If in that soul thou'st ever felt
"Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
"Here, on my knees that never knelt
"To any but their God before,
"I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
"Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh
"Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
"Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea
"East—west—alas, I care not whither,
"So thou art safe, and I with thee!
"Go where we will, this hand in thine,
"Those eyes before me smiling thus,

leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he fo
one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of
he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacri
God, who, he declared, then appeared to him. — v. *Pat*
Exodus, iii. 2.

"Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
"The world's a world of love for us!
"On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
"Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—
"Where thus to worship tenderly
"An erring child of light like thee
"Will not be sin—or, if it be,
"Where we may weep our faults away,
"Together kneeling, night and day,
"Thou, for *my* sake, at ALLA's shrine,
"And I—at *any* God's, for thine!"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
Then hung her head, and wept for shame;
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With every deep-heav'd sob that came.
While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
And IRAN's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile

O'er hours to come — o'er days and nights,
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share.
A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
Of softness passing o'er his soul.
Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—
Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet, though subdued the' unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still
So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, as yielding as her own,
And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said,—
"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
"Where fadeless truth like ours is dear,—

" If there be any land of rest
" For those who love and ne'er forget,
" Oh! comfort thee — for safe and blest
" We'll meet in that calm region yet!"

Scarce had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the rous'd youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn * hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm-fiend at his rising blows. —
Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For 'twas the' appointed warning-blast,
The' alarm, to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast!
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

* " The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and he Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet or blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep nd hollow sound." — *Pennant.*

They came—his Chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few!—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er KERMAN's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun,
And, as their coursers charg'd the wind
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind*
Looking, as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!
How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came
How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paus'd before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd!
'Twas silence all—the youth hath plan
The duties of his soldier-band;

* "The finest ornament for the horses is made of flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tail oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Ir *Thevenot.*

And each determin'd brow declares
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
  And lay it at her trembling feet;—
And now the youth, with gentle care,
  Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,
And press'd her hand—that lingering press
  Of hands, that for the last time sever;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
  When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
And yet to *her* this sad caress
  Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
  Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
  'Twas any thing but leaving her.

" Haste, haste!" she cried, " the clouds
" But still, ere night, we'll reach the b
" And by to-morrow's dawn — oh bliss
" With thee upon the sun-bright de
" Far off, I'll but remember this,
" As some dark vanish'd dream of sl
" And thou ——" but ah! — he answe
Good Heav'n! — and does she go al
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
Where, some hours since, his voice's
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the angel ISRAFIL'S*,
When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his minstrelsy —
Yet now — oh, now, he is not nigh. —
" HAFED! my HAFED! — if it be
" Thy will, thy doom this night to die,
" Let me but stay to die with thee,
" And I will bless thy loved name,
" Till the last life-breath leave this fra
" Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid
" But near each other while they fade

* " The angel Israfil, who has the most mel of all God's creatures." — *Sale.*

" Let us but mix our parting breaths,
" And I can die ten thousand deaths!
" You too, who hurry me away
" So cruelly, one moment stay—
" Oh! stay—one moment is not much—
" He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
" HAFED! dear HAFED!—" all the way
In wild lamentings, that would touch
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
To the dark woods—no HAFED came:—
No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last:—
Your hearts should both have broken then:
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!
Still half-way down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands,
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign'd

The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he the
That dreadful shout!—across the glen
From the land-side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!
"They come—the Moslems come!"—he
His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—
"Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam
"Enfranchis'd through yon starry dome,
"Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
"Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said—and, light as bridegrooms bounc
To their young loves, reclimb'd the stee

And gain'd the Shrine—his Chiefs stood round—
  Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.
And hark!—again—again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,
The' indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
  "What! while our arms can wield these blades,
"Shall we die tamely? die alone?
  "Without one victim to our shades,
"One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
"The sabre from its toil may sleep?
"No—God of IRAN's burning skies!
"Thou scorn'st the' inglorious sacrifice.
"No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
"Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.

" We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
" Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
" Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
" Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
" Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
" Our refuge still from life and chains;
" But his the best, the holiest bed,
" Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigour, more than human, strung
Each arm and heart.—The' exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles below,
Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,
Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA'S vale*
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,
The very tigers from their delves
Look out, and let them pass, as things
Untam'd and fearless like themselves!

* See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

There was a deep ravine, that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslem's way;
Fit spot to make invaders rue
The many fall'n before the few.
The torrents from that morning's sky
Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
And, on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd,—
The guards with which young Freedom lines
The pathways to her mountain-shrines.
Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of IRAN's last avengers stand;
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslem's tread
So anxiously, the carrion-bird
Above them flaps his wing unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
Had point or prowess, prove them now—
Woe to the file that foremost wades!
They come—a falchion greets each brow,

And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless;
Till scarce an arm in HAFED's band,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson hand
The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome—never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour'd!

All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—
Wretches who wading, half on fire
From the toss'd brands that round them fly

'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—
And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;
Countless as tow'rds some flame at night
The North's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour—
Till, bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway! on they pass.
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes;—
Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,
And burn with shame to find how few.

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood;

While some with hardier struggle died,
And still fought on by HAFED's side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
Tow'rds the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion swept away
By sudden swell of JORDAN's pride
From the wild covert where he lay*,
Long battles with the' o'erwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escap'd — guide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,
The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on —
"Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"
They panting cry, "so far behind;
"Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
"To track the way the Gheber went!"

* "In this thicket upon the banks of the Jordan s sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, being washed out of the covert by the overflowings o river, gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, *he shall up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*" — *Maun Aleppo.*

Vain wish — confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss;
Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures, — while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds — the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in HAFED'S ear, —
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,
Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And IRAN'S self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness — 'twas she,
His heart's pure planet, shining yet

Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her radiance cast;—
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a lov'd friend, the only one
Of all his warriors, left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife.—
"And must we then, my chief, die here?
"Foes round us, and the Shrine so near!"
These words have rous'd the last remains
Of life within him—"what! not yet
"Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!"
The thought could make ev'n Death forget

His icy bondage—with a bound
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads.
Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow!
They mount—they bleed—oh save them now—
The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
The rock-weed's dripping with their gore;—
Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength!
Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe
Come near and nearer from below—
One effort more—thank Heav'n! 'tis past,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
And now they touch the temple's walls,
Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—
When, lo!—his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the shrine.
"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
"And must I leave thee withering here,
"The sport of every ruffian's tread,
"The mark for every coward's spear?

" No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"
He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fall'n Chief, and tow'rds the flame
Bears him along; —with death-damp hand
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er OMAN's Sea.—
" Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,"
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on OMAN's tide?
It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just hath caught upon her side
The death-light — and again is dark.
It is the boat — ah, why delay'd? —
That bears the wretched Moslem maid;
Confided to the watchful care
Of a small veteran band, with whom

Their generous Chieftain would not share
The secret of his final doom,
But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,
Was render'd to her father's eyes,
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
The ransom of so dear a prize.—
Unconscious, thus, of HAFED's fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves,
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell—
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,
Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
And, driving at the current's will,
They rock'd along the whispering tide;
While every eye, in mute dismay,
Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 'tis not, HINDA, in the power
Of Fancy's most terrific touch

To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
Thy silent agony—'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell!
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart;—
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering he
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things, within the cold rock found
Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain;
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agonis'd suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly achin
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave — heav'n's brilliant lights
  Reflected dance beneath the prow; —
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
  She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
  And ask no happier joy than seeing
That star-light o'er the waters thrown —
No joy but that, to make her blest,
  And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being,
Which bounds in youth's yet careless breast, —
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
How different now! — but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings — brave men!
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge — in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
  All's o'er — in rust your blades may lie: —
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
  Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
  And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle-cry at this dead hour —
  Ah! she could tell you — she, who leans

Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast;—
Too well she knows—her more than l
Her soul's first idol and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?
Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thin
Fix their last fading life-beams there.
'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,
And far away, o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent;
While HAFED, like a vision stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrin'd in its own grand element!
"'Tis he!"—the shuddering maid exclai
But, while she speaks, he's seen no mo
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And IRAN's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave;
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, ARABY's daughter!
(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever lay, under OMAN's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south* o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom

* "This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—*Stephen's Persia.*

Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islanc
With nought but the sea-star * to light up her toi

And still, when the merry date-season is burning
And calls to the palm-groves the young and old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her Hero! forget thee
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they st

* "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Pe
Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circ
and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon
rounded by rays." — *Mirza Abu Taleb.*

† For a description of the merriment of the date-tim
their work, their dances, and their return home from the p
groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kem
Amœnitat. Exot.*

Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept*;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian† are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

* Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. — See *Trevoux, Chambers.*

† "The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire." — *Struy.*

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on th
mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in th
wave.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.